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FOR METHODIST FAMILIES / JUNE 1966

In this issue:

Methodist Landmarks in National Parks / EUB Union Now...Or Later?

What Do They Mean, 'God Is Dead'? / The Tough Line on Poverty



—Photograph by Ruth L. Paine

Father's Day

Because the sun is warm, the sky blue, the grass green,
her father drowns peacefully. This is his day. But soon he will waken to
her priceless love and trust, to a reality more beautiful than any
dream he may be dreaming on this most perfect morning in June. If, in due
season, the grass withers and the sky grows gray, this God-given
love is his to nourish and cherish through all the years.



Is thy heart right, as my heart is
with thine? Dost thou love and serve
God? It is enough, I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

Together®

For Methodist Families / June 1966



After-Hour Jottings . . . An old ship's tortured timbers and skeleton ribs, like mammoth bones, on the beach—that's **this month's cover**, a scene familiar to tens of thousands who have vacationed on Cape Hatteras, N.C. We can only imagine what happened before a once-proud ship was torn apart and left to surf and sand, time and tourist. But the photograph tells only part of the Cape Hatteras story. The rest, we think, will be of interest to Methodists in particular. It is told in words and color pictures on pages 37-40.

Of interest to thousands of our readers will be this report on a mystery that began five months ago with an explosion of letters about our widely discussed, much praised **January cover**. It was all inspired by our credit line for the text on that cover:

"Found in Old Saint Paul's Anglican Church, Baltimore. Dated 1692."

Since then, numerous readers have informed us that this little masterpiece actually was titled *Desiderata* and was written in 1927 by the late **Max Ehrmann**, poet and author, of *Terre Haute*, Ind. If you recall, we devoted all this column

(Continued on page 2)

IN THIS ISSUE

- Father's Day** *Second Cover Color Pictorial*
- 6 **Toward an Interfaith Consensus on Peace**
 By Winston H. Taylor
- 13 **The Worship Hour**
- 14 **What Do They Mean, 'God Is Dead'?**
 By James M. Wall
- 18 **With Love and Neglect** *By Ilva W. Walker*
- 20 **William Mason, M.D.: His Service Goes Beyond Medicine** *People Called Methodists*
- 24 **Methodist-EUB Union: Now . . . or Later?**
 Powwow By Bishop Lance Webb and Richard W. Cain
- 29 **Jose From the Other America**
 By Nelle McClenahan
- 33 **Methodist Landmarks in Our National Parks**
 Color Pictorial
- 37 **Carolina's Shining Outer Banks** *Color Pictorial*
- 41 **The Other Face of War** *By James A. Gittings*
- 45 **The Tough Line on Poverty** *By Saul D. Alinsky*
- 48 **Revealed in Him** *By David Chaney*
- 50 **A New Code for Teen-Age Parties**
 By Marthe and Murray Gross
- 55 **City Church Kids—Down on the Farm!**
 By Henry L. Norton
- 57 **A Home for Gennaro** *By Herman B. Teeter*

FEATURES / DEPARTMENTS

Page 2 *Illustration Credits* / 3 *Church in Action* / 10 *TV This Month* / 31 *Wicked Flea* / 53 *Teens Together* / 61 *Browsing in Fiction* / 62 *Looks at New Books* / 64 *Your Faith and Your Church* / 66 *Small Fry* / 68 *Letters*.

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Dr. Smith of the John Milton Society for the Blind communicates with a little girl in Home for Blind Girls in Bethlehem.

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JOTTINGS/ (Continued from page 1)

last March to some literary detective work, seeking to establish a reason for *Desiderata's* association with Old Saint Paul's Church. It has been an error committed by more than a few editors.

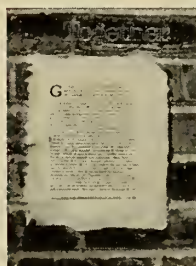
No one had the answer: not the rector of Saint Paul's Parish; not the nephew of the poet; not the archivist at Methodist-related DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind., where there is a collection of some 600 Ehrmann items.

As time went on, letters kept coming. We learned, among other things, that the copyright to *Desiderata* is owned by Bruce Humphries, Publishers, Boston, Mass., and we gave them credit in last month's issue. Robert L. Bell, president of the publishing firm, wrote:

"We have had a considerable amount of trouble . . . due to this complex indication that it had come from Old Saint Paul's Church in Baltimore."

But Mr. Bell said he had no idea how it could have happened.

"Someone, somewhere," we wrote in



The Cover



The Man

the March issue, "may know the answer. Perhaps one of our readers will provide the missing link."

Well, one of our readers—Mrs. Florimonde Reed of Baltimore—did just that!

"Several years ago," Mrs. Reed wrote, "I purchased from the publishers of *The Upper Room*, a remarkably fine and helpful booklet entitled *Between Dawn and Dark* and written by Frederick Ward Kates, who was the immediate predecessor (I've been told) of the present rector of Old Saint Paul's.

"When your January issue came, I immediately recognized *Desiderata* as the article I had read so many times in *Between Dawn and Dark*—page 30—and attributed by the author of the booklet to Max Ehrmann."

It all seemed to add up, Mrs. Reed concluded. What a strange coincidence that a little book published through the Board of Evangelism of The Methodist Church should suggest the missing link needed to solve the mystery!

We put in another call to the Rev. Halsey M. Cook, the present rector at Saint Paul's.

"Of course!" he exclaimed. "I know about that book. Father Kates, a former newspaper man, liked to collect and anthologize inspirational pieces. It is only reasonable to assume . . ."

Indeed it was reasonable to assume that Father Kates might be a missing piece in the puzzle. It did not seem reasonable, however, to believe that any-

one who read *Desiderata* in his book would make the mistake of reprinting it as having been "Found in Old Saint Paul's" back in 1692.

By telephone, we found the Rev. Fredrick Ward Kates in Dallas, Texas, where he is rector of St. Luke's Church at 5923 Royal Lane. He confirmed immediately that Max Ehrmann was the author of *Desiderata* and was properly credited in the book.

"I served St. Paul's from 1956 to 1961," Father Kates explained, "and it was always my practice to mimeograph such inspirational material as *Desiderata* for distribution in the church. No doubt someone 'found' it there! As for the date—well the church was founded in 1692, but that has nothing to do with *Desiderata* or its author."

So, someone probably pocketed one of Father Kates' mimeographed sheets one Sunday morning a few years ago. On that sheet was Max Ehrmann's *Desiderata*. The reader was impressed by the beauty and wisdom of the philosophy, slipped it into his pocket, perhaps put it in his scrapbook, made copies for his friends, handed it to an editor . . . but why go on?

Indeed, someone "found" *Desiderata* in Old Saint Paul's Church, Baltimore.

If unraveling the mystery had been a contest, the grand prize would have gone to Mrs. Reed, who has been active in Methodist women's work at district and conference levels.

It has been a long and interesting search, but there is more to it than editorial mixup and mystery in many places. Among other things, our January cover:

1. Seems to have renewed a great deal of well-deserved interest in the work of Max Ehrmann, Hoosier poet and author.

2. Has encouraged Bruce Humphries, Publishers, to reprint *The Poems of Max Ehrmann* (*Desiderata* included) at \$4.50 a copy, publication scheduled for June 1.

3. Prompted Ian L. Robertson, graphic arts department, Colby College, Waterville, Maine, to continue making *Desiderata* reprints suitable for framing (antique type on special heavy paper) at a nominal fee to readers who send in their requests.

4. And, finally, enabled the present rector of Old Saint Paul's to write, almost with relief: "I am glad the mystery of *Desiderata* is solved. I began receiving mail about this four years ago . . . I must have had over 100 inquiries."

Thank you, Mrs. Reed!—Your Editors

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

Cover—George P. Miller • Second Cover—Ruth L. Paine • Page 5—Randolph-Macon College • 8-41—RNS • 14 L.—Emory University • 24—MI • 34 L., Bot. R.—36 Top—Don Rutledge, Black Star • 43—Wide World • 55-56—Jerry Rogers Studio • 57-58-59-60—Arno Hamacher for Ralpho Guillemette Pictures • 62—Cecil Beaton from *The Years Between: Diaries 1939-44*, courtesy Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, Inc. • 1-14 R.—20-21-22-23-26-27-33-34 Top R.—35-36 Bot.—37-38-39-40-45-46-47-64—George P. Miller.

The Church in Action

*Hard-Won Hope
Amid Setbacks . . .*



*New mood in the South:
Interracial district rally at Mobile,
Ala., where this spring 6,000
Negro and white Methodists heard (left)
Bishops Gerald H. Kennedy, W.
Kenneth Goodson, Marquis L. Harris.*



Central Jurisdiction: When Will It Vanish?

THIS spring, another chunk of Methodism's Central Jurisdiction—the racial glacier created as an icy compromise at the unification of the Northern and Southern churches in 1939—is breaking off and melting away into the denomination's mainstream after several false starts and a period of thaw.

In May, Negro Methodists in Missouri dissolved their Central West Conference. By mid-June, 65 predominantly Negro churches with about 10,000 members served by 40 pastors will be merged with one of two South Central Jurisdiction annual conferences. As new members of the Missouri East or Missouri West Conference—depending on their location in the state—former Central members will enjoy equal status, rights, and privileges.

Where We Stand: The Missouri merger, though only a fragment, marks the fourth step in the past two years toward Methodism's goal of eliminating its racially constituted administrative units and moving toward racial inclusiveness. In the summer of 1964, the Lexington Conference of the Central Jurisdiction was dissolved and its churches and people assigned to conferences of the North Central Jurisdiction. The summer of 1965 saw the dissolution and incorporation of Central's Washington and Delaware Conferences into regional conferences of the Northwestern Jurisdiction.

In addition, individual Negro congregations have transferred into other geographic units in the states of Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado. Two Negro bishops now preside over predominantly white areas in New Jersey and Iowa. Eight Negro district superintendents (half of them below the Mason-Dixon line) serve mostly white districts, and at least two others will be appointed this year.

The Central glacier has melted, for the most part, around the easier edges of a hard core centered in five or six states of the Deep South. The Negro Methodist structure has shrunk by 678 churches

and 135,000 lay members. Remaining are 12 annual conferences with 2,135 congregations and 238,000 members in nine states of the Southeastern Jurisdiction and four in the South Central.

June annual-conference sessions bring cautious hope that action may be taken toward early transfer and merger of Central's North Carolina-Virginia and Tennessee-Kentucky Conferences with the eight white conferences they overlap in the middle border states. Florida and certain segregated conferences in Oklahoma and Texas might take action, too.

In March, advisory councils of Central and South Central kept open the door to possible mergers by recommending the immediate transfer and merger of annual conferences where it is mutually agreeable. Also suggested: that South Central enter three-way talks with Central and Southeastern for a combined assault on the problem.

Southeastern Encounter: Negro and white leaders in the Southeast met face-to-face for the first time last December in Atlanta. The encounter between the two jurisdictional advisory groups ended on a hopeful note, with a joint committee assigned to frame a common resolution to present to upcoming annual conference sessions. The idea was to implement steps one and two of Methodist Constitutional Amendment IX, calling for elimination of the Central Jurisdiction.

The hang-up came at a second meeting in February. Representatives of both jurisdictions gave the green light to step one, the inclusion of Negro annual conferences in the geographical jurisdiction. But the advisory groups deadlocked on step two, a deadline or target date for the final merger of Negro and white annual conferences. Negotiations ground to a halt after two full days of tense debate resulted in seven torpedoed compromise resolutions.

Negro leaders requested a target date of 1968—at latest, 1972—for step two in the Southeastern Juris-

diction. They contended that a plan of transfer without some schedule for mergers "removes the symbol but does little about the sickness of segregation." The Central Jurisdiction is a visible, structural manifestation of the church's racial problem. Negro leaders fear that Methodism might relax its race-relations efforts if no longer confronted by that structure.

Southeastern leaders, standing staunchly on the principle of voluntarism recommended by General Conference, balked at setting a firm target date. They maintained that some border states—Kentucky, Virginia, and North Carolina—seemed on the verge of transferring and merging in one giant step, but states farther south wanted to delay step two until mutually agreed upon by both Negro and white annual conferences. Dr. R. Lawrence Dill, Jr., of Anniston, Ala., head of the Southeastern advisory group, said he could "understand why other sections have felt we [the South] were delaying, but we have had to avoid leaving our people behind."

Trust and Time: White leaders thus asked for trust and more time to clear the way. Negro leaders felt that their timetable gave time enough and wondered if their white brethren were accurately gauging their section's mood for acceptance. Dr. John H. Graham of Philadelphia, Pa., Central's advisory team chairman, argued that the Supreme Court decision on school integration "has been accepted with less friction than the seasoned pessimist would dare to admit."

The deadlock at Atlanta typifies the "advance two steps, slip back one" pace that has nagged much of Methodism's integration progress. Both advisory groups still may make recommendations to their annual conferences this spring, and some individual conferences could vote on combined transfer-merger resolutions patterned after the Missouri mergers.

In a key decision last December, the Methodist Judicial Council ruled, in a five to four decision, that the Missouri mergers were valid as part of a "transfer package." In a separate decision, the church's nine-man "supreme court" held that Negro and white conferences in the Southeast can follow a similar procedure without jurisdictional conference approval, if merger occurs simultaneously with transfer and has approval by two-thirds of annual conference members in the two jurisdictions.

One alternative to speed Central's elimination would be a Constitutional amendment with a firm timetable. Leonard Slutz, Cincinnati attorney and chairman of the Methodist Com-

mission on Interjurisdictional Relations, is concerned that the special 1966 General Conference might decide to "take the bit in its teeth" unless some significant development breaks the Central-Southeastern deadlock this summer. Slutz personally thinks more can be accomplished by annual-conference and jurisdiction-level negotiations than by what might be hasty General Conference action.

Neither Central nor Southeastern leaders are inclined to think the total church would risk the showdown of a "get tough" Constitutional amendment. One points out that the church has no troops to enforce its decisions—only "moral persuasion."

There is one deadline, of sorts. If the Central Jurisdiction is not dissolved by September, 1967, the Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations has been directed to draft a report to the 1968 General Conference on a plan of termination.

The Big Question: When will the Central Jurisdiction disappear? How near is the reality of an inclusive Methodism? Answers are available to reinforce almost any opinion, and even the most honest and objective conclusions are open to qualifications and exceptions.

Fact: The Methodist Church now is the only Protestant church with a national constituency and substantial Negro membership. While it has a segregated structure, no church encourages racial inclusiveness more vigorously. The *Discipline* clearly states: "All persons, without regard to race, color, national origin, or economic condition, shall be eligible to attend its [Methodist] worship services, to participate in its programs, and . . . to be admitted into its membership anywhere in any local church in the connection."

Fact: Methodists have moved far slower in desegregating their churches than have schools, labor organizations, sports, government, and public facilities. Yet the only fair way to measure progress is against the size and acuteness of the problem. Has any church anywhere been called on to change so much so soon?

The *Central Christian Advocate*, Central Jurisdiction journal, recently editorialized: "Compared with the [social justice] achievements of society in general, the results will depict the church as occupying a lagging position." But *Ebony*, America's largest Negro magazine, said in January: "In recent months . . . The Methodist Church has conducted a surprisingly vigorous drive for integration and other Protestants are following suit."

Unfortunately, the Central Juris-

diction's demise does not ensure a truly inclusive church. The Central question of itself is a legal, structural issue which stirs bishops and ministers but leaves laymen cold. Clergy of both races see Central's dissolution as a Christian imperative, but also in terms of appointments, minimum salary, pension rates, and representation on boards and agencies.

Bishop Charles F. Golden of Nashville, one of three remaining active Central bishops, predicts that while the South may be slower than other sections in voting organizational changes, it may move faster and farther toward inclusiveness at all levels.

Unpublicized Progress: All but the blindly bigoted admit the church in the South has moved ahead despite well-publicized blunders. Francis B. Stevens, of Jackson, Miss., says that "whenever we make progress, it's like pulling teeth—some blood is shed and there's a lot of soreness." In January, Galloway Memorial Methodist Church in Jackson—one of the most racially tense in the South—decided to admit all comers to worship.

Two districts in northern Alabama are holding regular "encounters" between laymen of both races. White and Negro ministers' groups merged in Atlanta. Wesley Foundations at South Carolina schools are integrated.

In Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Florida, there also has been a growing number of contacts between Negro and white Methodists. Throughout the Southeast, there have been joint conference board and agency meetings, pulpit and choir exchanges, interracial rallies and revivals, leadership-training schools on a biracial basis for workers in Christian education and social concerns, and integrated meetings of youth, women, and men's groups. Virtually all Methodist colleges are open to Negroes, as are most church hospitals and homes.

Admittedly, these efforts are only tokens in relation to the total need, but they suggest what is possible.

The Central Jurisdiction will go. Probably not as soon as the go-go liberal insists, but certainly sooner than the status-quo conservative would prefer. To achieve a truly inclusive Methodism, it seems reasonable to guess that the gradualist, the compromiser, and the peacemaker—though scorned by civil rights crusader and cross-burning racist alike—will, in the end, quietly overcome. □

Collegians Help Hanover Boys

Typical of the countless Methodist college students who fan out weekly from campuses to serve in local churches and social-work projects are



Danny Williams, student at Randolph-Macon College in Ashland, Va., listens carefully to a question in the church-school class he teaches at nearby Hanover School for Boys. The youngsters shed their shoes to keep the room clean for Sunday visitors.

12 young men at Randolph-Macon College in Ashland, Va.

Each Sunday morning, the students board an old Army bus and rumble 10 miles to the Hanover County School for Boys. There, they conduct church-school classes, Bible study, and devotions, and share experiences with 370 orphan and delinquent youngsters.

Richard B. Peacock, senior biology major from Fairfax, Va., leads this year's team (the project is now in its fifth year). He shrugs off any complicated reason for his interest in the underprivileged boys, and says he just gets a kick from trying to help someone.

Danny Williams, a junior premedical student from Westfield, N.J., elaborates a bit: "At Randolph-Macon, we're surrounded by an atmosphere of nonadversity. I feel the many problems we see at Hanover School help us to better understand human nature."

Randolph-Macon College, chartered by Virginia in 1830, is among the oldest Methodist-related schools in America.

Chaplain Buildup Continues

Reflecting the military build-up in Viet Nam, 39 Methodist chaplains now are on duty there, reports Dr. John R. McLaughlin, general secretary of the denomination's Commission on Chaplains in Washington, D.C.

Dr. McLaughlin visited many of the chaplains serving in the war-torn nation on a recent month-long tour of Asia. Ninety-seven of more than

500 Methodist military chaplains are on assignment in the Far East.

At its March meeting, the commission endorsed 48 candidates for active duty with the Army, Navy, and Air Force, and approved another 48 for military reserve service or for assignment to the Veterans Administration and other institutions.

The increase in military chaplains, largest since the Korean conflict, has generally met the armed services' quota of 50 additional Methodist chaplains announced last summer. Quotas were raised again early this year, however.

Elect WMC Staff Bearers

Bishop F. Gerald Ensley of Columbus, Ohio, was chosen president as officers of the American Section of the World Methodist Council were elected at an executive committee meeting of the body in Philadelphia.

The new president will begin a five-year term on August 26, closing day of the World Methodist Conference in London. He will succeed Bishop Paul E. Martin of Houston, Texas.

The meeting's agenda was crowded with reports on arrangements and program details of the coming World Methodist Council and Conference, and several related meetings. Among them were the World Federation of Methodist Women, the World Family Life Conference, and the World Methodist Youth Conference.

Evangelism: On the Beach

For the fourth consecutive year, the Rev. Ed Beck led an interdenominational team to Daytona Beach, Fla., to "create conditions in which God will reveal himself" to merrymaking college students on spring vacation during Holy Week.

A staff member of the Methodist Board of Evangelism, Mr. Beck said the team tried in the carnival-like atmosphere to confront many of the 100,000 collegians with what Good Friday and Easter can really mean.

The 70-member unusual evangelism team conducted "poolside chats" at motels, caravaned up and down the beach with entertainment and athletic demonstrations, visited three young adult "nightclubs," and held a Galilean beach service. The freewheeling program ran 20 hours a day for five days.

A popular hangout this year was the "coffee tent" which featured improvised entertainment, showings of the film *Parable*, and informal discussions among students, theologians, and others.

The Daytona Beach team included Vonda Kay Van Dyke, Miss America of 1965; professional football players

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TASTES SO GOOD AND SO GOOD FOR YOU

Toward an Interfaith Consensus on Peace

THE FIRST National Interreligious Conference on Peace ended with its job far from done.

After three intensive days of talks this spring in Washington, D.C., the 300 participants agreed that both a world conference and a more official national conference of religious leaders are needed to delve deeply into the issues of peace. However, no plans for future meetings have yet been announced.

Many conferees thought the fact that Protestant, Roman Catholic, Jewish, and Greek Orthodox believers had come together to discuss the subject was as important as what they said. In truth, most of their stands were not strikingly different from others issued by churchmen on world affairs.

Among statements adopted by the conference was one that said "much of the discussion involving our nation's posture on foreign policy, and especially on the war in Viet Nam, has taken place without serious probing of the religious and moral issues involved."

The sessions, in current terminology, were not a dialogue between "doves" and "hawks" but more a discussion among doves of differing breeds.

A suggestion that pacifists dominated the conference was denied by Herman Will, Jr., of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns. He said that pacifists were present in disproportionate numbers because of the subject matter of the conference, but that they were far from a majority.

Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord of Washington, D.C., was one of six cochairmen (along with Roman Catholic, Jewish, Greek Orthodox, Unitarian-Universalist, and Episcopal leaders).

He expressed satisfaction with the meeting's progress toward its avowed goal of "a religious consensus on complex international peace issues and the laying of a foundation for interreligious co-operation on peace."

Vice-President Hubert Humphrey made an unscheduled appearance. "I know we see things differently," he told the conferees, "but I have respect for different points of view. This is the sacred

right of dissent we are fighting for."

President Johnson sent a message asking for co-operation in building peace and in controlling "the deadliest of microbes—man's capacity for hatred, his penchant for violence."

The conference's official declaration, adopted overwhelmingly, recognized Viet Nam as the most perilous current problem. It asked that the President:

- Consider an immediate halt in the bombings, adhere to the principle that there cannot be a satisfactory military solution, and avoid military escalation.
- Pursue every possible avenue of negotiations and agree to include the National Liberation Front among the Viet Nam negotiators.
- Provide early opportunity for the Vietnamese to choose their own government by ballot.

Among the recommendations voted by the participants was one that urged the United States to show that it is a friend of the social change needed in many societies "even in the face of the risk that revolutionary movements may come under communist control."

They rejected the theory that the U.S. must be the implacable foe of all forms of communism everywhere, as well as the theory that the U.S. has an unqualified right to intervene militarily in any country where there is danger of communist revolution.

The recommendation asserted that "we must never hesitate to disagree vigorously with our government when it appears to violate religious ethics, or to support it when we believe its policies are right."

The conferees called for communication with Communist China to overcome "dangerous" ignorance, and recommended that Communist China be recognized diplomatically and admitted to the UN.

Roman Catholic Bishop John J. Wright of Pittsburgh, in a closing address, said the National Interreligious Conference on Peace was not intended "to second-guess the diplomats or sit in judgment on the heads of state but to do our own job as spokesmen for religion."

—WINSTON H. TAYLOR

Bill Wade and Raymond Berry; college gridiron and basketball stars Steve Sloan and Cazzie Russell; jazz musicians, folk singers, campus ministers, and at least one psychiatrist.

The Easter week beach ministry is the only one of its kind, according to Mr. Beck, and is under the auspices of Daytona Beach's city council, chamber of commerce, and the local ministerial alliance.

TRAFCO Unit to New York

The radio and television division of the Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission (TRAFCO) will move from Nashville to the New York area not later than 1968.

Intended to place the unit near the nerve center of the nation's communications, the move was authorized at TRAFCO's recent annual meeting in Atlanta, Ga. At the same time, commission members approved first steps toward acquiring additional property for further development of its Nashville headquarters. TRAFCO already has branch offices in New York City and Hollywood.

Reviewing progress in 1965, Dr. Harry C. Spencer, commission general secretary, reported dramatic growth in use of audio-visuals. Last year, TRAFCO produced more than 66,000 audio-visual units—records, filmstrips, and motion pictures. In addition, The Methodist Publishing House sold 79,000 audio-visual units, many of them TRAFCO produced.

Special tribute was paid to Dr. James W. Sells of Atlanta, for producing the Methodist segment of *The Protestant Hour* radio program since its inception 20 years ago. He is an executive secretary of the Southeastern Jurisdictional Council.

Schools Form Alliances

Four Methodist schools in the Midwest have thrown their support behind two separate ecumenical experiments aimed at strengthening higher education for undergraduates and advanced seminary students.

In one venture, two Roman Catholic colleges have joined three Methodist and seven other Protestant institutions in the Central States College Association. The Methodist-related schools are Illinois Wesleyan at Bloomington, Ill., MacMurray College at Jacksonville, Ill.; and Simpson College at Indianola, Iowa.

The colleges, in six states, envision close co-ordination of school calendars; faculty appointments; free movement of teachers and students among campuses for specific courses, workshops, and fine arts activities; and co-operative field research projects and study abroad.

In a similar venture, Garrett Theo-



Stand where the shepherds stood in Bethlehem

This is the little town of Bethlehem, seeming as still and as dreamlessly sleeping as it seems when we hear the carol. You are standing in the fields where the shepherds watched. Nearby, in the Church of the Nativity, the site of Our Lord's birth is marked by a simple star.

Ruth followed the reapers in these fields. Not far away lies Hebron where Abraham pitched his tents...and Jericho, where Joshua fought his battle...and old

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logical Seminary at Evanston, Ill., has joined three other Chicago area Protestant seminaries to form the Chicago Institute for Advanced Theological Studies.

Reciprocal sharing of faculty and library resources at the four schools is designed to encourage ecumenical encounter and permit student exposure to outstanding authorities in various fields at the doctoral level.

Heretofore, says Methodist Bishop Thomas M. Pryor of Chicago, "a student might spend three or more years in the Chicago area without an intimate face-to-face contact with a professor whose books he has read for many years, simply because there was no easy method of spanning seminary boundaries."

Retired Bishops Die

Two retired Methodist bishops—one an American, the other Brazilian—died recently, both after long periods of illness.

Bishop Alexander P. Shaw, 86, succumbed in Los Angeles March 7. A native of Abbeville, Miss., he was elected to the episcopacy after an editorship of the former *Southwestern Christian Advocate*, and serving pastorates in Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Arkansas, and California. Before retirement in 1956, he presided over the West Texas and Texas Conferences of the Central Jurisdiction.

In Rio de Janeiro, death claimed Bishop Cesar Dacorso Filho, 75, on February 15. Elected in 1934, he was the first native bishop of the now autonomous Methodist Church of Brazil. Bishop Dacorso declined election to a sixth term in 1955 to return to the pastorate. He retired in 1960.

Student Projects Set

About 150 Methodist college students will devote most of this summer to eight service projects—one of them aimed at improving literacy in Jamaica, British West Indies.

Volunteers for projects in the United States will serve inner-city situations and get to know the ghettos of New York City; Kansas City, Mo.; New Orleans, La.; and Long Beach, Calif.

Two other projects will concentrate on community organization and civil rights activities in Mississippi and suburban Morris County, N.J. In addition, a work-and-study project in urban affairs is set in Washington, D.C.

Student volunteers pay their transportation costs, plus a \$25 activities fee (except for the Mississippi project). Food and housing are provided.

The Methodist Student Movement sponsors the service opportunities in co-operation with the Methodist Boards of Education, Missions, and



Miss Layona Glenn, retired Methodist missionary from Atlanta, Ga., enjoys a joke with President Johnson at the White House after celebrating her 100th birthday. She recently returned from a visit to mission stations in Brazil, where she served from 1894 until retiring in 1934. "Kid brother" M. T. Glenn, 79, accompanied her.

Christian Social Concerns. Seven of the projects this summer start June 19 and end August 15. The Washington project, an exception, continues until August 26.

German Methodists Rebuild

East German Methodists now have rebuilt all but two worship centers destroyed or damaged in World War II. In addition, 30 new churches and several charitable institutions have been dedicated since 1945.

Headed by Bishop Friedrich Wunderlich of West Germany, German Methodists now number more than 100,000—about 40 percent of them in the Soviet Zone. The church has 1,000 parishes served by 330 pastors and some 1,500 lay preachers, of whom 1,000 are active in East Germany.

It maintains 13 hospitals, 3 deaconess motherhouses with 1,200 nurses, and 2 seminaries, one of which is located in the Eastern zone.

Proposes Low-Income Housing

Methodist Bishop Frederick B. Newell of the Pittsburgh Area has proposed that Protestant and Roman Catholic groups undertake a housing project for low-income families in Pittsburgh, with partial federal government financing.

Such a project, Bishop Newell told 100 clergymen attending a recent interfaith retreat, "would say to the world that we are concerned and are ready to act together to meet human needs."

Also participating in the retreat, held at a Catholic monastery in Pitts-

burgh, were Episcopal Bishop Austin Pardue and Catholic Bishop John J. Wright.

Chile Favors World Church

The Chile Annual Conference has unanimously endorsed the establishment of an international Methodist Church at its annual meeting in Santiago.

The vote will help guide the Commission on the Structure of Methodism Overseas, which has proposed three alternatives: keep the present Central Conference structure but modify it as needed; encourage autonomous church status, probably looking toward united churches; or, develop a worldwide Methodist conference of churches.

Statistical reports showed that in 1965 Methodist membership in Chile topped the 5,000 mark for the first time, with some 2,500 preparatory members.

Chilean Bishop Pedro Zottele presided over the 66th session. Harold Spann, Methodist pastor at San Augustine, Texas, was a key speaker.

Leisure Hall for Oldsters

Instead of shivering on main-street benches in Laurens, Iowa, this past winter, a group of older men found a place to spend their leisure hours in the more cozy atmosphere of a "Time to Spare" Center.

Every afternoon except Sunday, 8 to 14 senior citizens drop in at the storefront center to watch television, read, play table games, or brew coffee and pop corn in the kitchen.

The project got underway last fall

CENTURY CLUB

Among six new members of the Century Club this month is a retired missionary from Georgia who demonstrated her spryness with several "toe touches"—part of her daily routine—at the White House. They are:

Mrs. Jane Carnahan, 100, Warren, Ohio.

Mrs. Nettie Derryberry, 100, Clinton, Okla.

Mrs. Jennie B. Eells, 100, Omaha, Nebr.

Miss Layona Glenn, 100, Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Virginia Ryall, 100, Star City, Ark.

Silas Vaultz, 100, Slidell, La.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where the centenarian is a member, and its location.

when members of Laurens Methodist Church raised the question as to where the oldsters might gather during the winter months. Methodist men raised money for rent and pitched in themselves to help redecorate the three-room center. Other Laurens churches and community groups help provide refreshments, transportation, and supervision.

"This is really part of our church's mission," says the Rev. Everett E. Pencook, pastor. "We're getting the church out of its walls and ministering to the community."

Set NCC-Catholic Talks

Formation of the first permanent, official liaison channel between U.S. Roman Catholics and member denominations of the National Council of Churches has been announced by ecumenical leaders.

Representatives of Protestant, Anglican, and Orthodox communions in the NCC and the Catholic Commission for Ecumenical Affairs will meet in late May or early June to probe matters of common concern.

Among Methodists on a 36-member joint "working group" are Bishop James K. Mathews of Boston; Dr. Willis Tate, president of Southern Methodist University in Dallas; and Dr. Eugene L. Smith of New York, executive secretary of the World Council of Churches in the U.S.

The first session's agenda has not been announced, but it is believed the joint group might immediately delve into such issues as the distribution of public funds to private schools, mixed marriage, and Baptism practices. Other possible agenda items: Christian peace efforts, common prayer and worship, the civil rights movement, co-operative mission project, and educational materials.

Cautious Support for MUST

After lengthy debate, leaders of five key Methodist boards have given support "in principle" to the Methodist United Service and Training (MUST) program unveiled early this year [see *A MUST for Urban Mission*, April, page 5].

The action came at the annual meeting of the Interboard Commission on the Local Church. Its support of the urban retraining program for clergy and laity is contingent upon a policy board's being set up with staff leaders and board members of commission agencies.

Approval to raise an estimated \$5,835,000 to finance the MUST program through Advance Special giving must come from yet another church body.

In other actions, the commission:

- Asked Methodist general boards

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With DAVID O. POINDEXTER
Broadcasting and Film Commission
National Council of Churches

IT CAN be a tedious thing to know in May what you will be watching on television next winter—sort of like knowing your dinner menus for the next year. Still, it is good to know that some items will no longer be served up. And there is always the anticipation of tastier replacements.

For the first time in many seasons, I am shedding no tears over cancellations. (What program this year was worth crying over?) A partial list of departures:

ABC—12 O'Clock High, Legend of Jesse James, Man from Shenandoah, MeHale's Navy, Patty Duke, The Flintstones, Tammy, The Addams Family, Honey West, Jimmy Dean, Ben Casey.

CBS—Hazel, The Munsters, Smothers Brothers, Secret Agent, My Favorite Martian.

NBC—Hullabaloo, Dr. Kildare, John Forsythe, Hank, Mr. Roberts, Wackiest Ship in the Army.

Several ABC shows may get back into the schedule by fall, but it does appear that we shall be fresh out of doctors and monsters.

ABC tentatively expects to have 17 new shows. Among them are two science-fiction thrillers—*The Invaders* and *Time Tunnel* (neo-Alley Oop)—along with westerns called *Rounders*, *Long Hunt of April Savage*, and perhaps *Iron Horse*. Phyllis Diller will be hawking in *The Pruitts of Southampton*. *Love on a Rooftop* will bring us newlyweds in a San Francisco walk-up.

NBC, meanwhile, will have a young man from the Midwest trying to "find himself" in a New York brownstone. Also prepare yourself for *The Monkees* (rock 'n' roll), *Girl from U.N.C.L.E.*, *Occasional Wife* (supposedly a comedy), *Tarzan*, and *T.H.E. Cat*.

On CBS, Garry Moore will be back, and Jackie Gleason will enter a new incarnation with (of all people) Art Carney. CBS also will bring us an additional evening of movies (which, depending on the titles, may not be such a bad idea). Also set are *Pistol 'n' Petticoats*

(Ann Sheridan), *It's About Time* (Joe E. Ross and Imogene Coca), and *A Family Affair* (Sebastian Cabot).

So much for the menu's fats and starches. The most exciting protein in sight is *ABC Stage 66*, now scheduled for Wednesdays, 10 to 11 p.m., EST, starting in October. This series will feature works by noted writers, composers, directors, and entertainers. A partial schedule includes *A Christmas Memory* by Truman Capote; *Dare I Weep*, *Dare I Mourn* by John LeCarré (of *Spy-Who-Came-in-From-the-Cold* fame); Oscar Wilde's *The Canterville Ghost*; *The Kennedy Wit*; and *Rodgers and Hart Today*.

Objective of the series, says ABC, is "to present originality that will constantly search for the unique," a goal which the network concedes may not be reached every week. But hopefully *Stage 66* will spearhead "a more creative future for all of television."

Meanwhile, don't overlook these shows:

May 19, 8:30-9:30 p.m., EDT, on NBC—*A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the White House*, a satirical and musical examination of American politics, with Jack Paar.

May 22, 4-5 p.m., EDT, on ABC—*The Big Guy* (repeat).

May 22, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EDT, on CBS—*The Emmy Awards*.

May 23, 10-11 p.m., EDT on ABC—*In Search of Man* (repeat).

May 29 and June 5, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EDT, on NBC—*The Age of Kennedy*, the late president and the times in which he lived.

June 3 and June 10, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on CBS—*Ages of Man* starring John Gielgud (repeat).

June 8, 8:30-9 p.m., EDT on CBS—*Good Grief*, *Charlie Brown*, in which Charlie Brown loses his 1000th baseball game.

June 12, 6:30-7 p.m., EDT, on NBC—*The Right Wing*, dealing with varieties of the political right.

June 16, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on ABC—*The Baffling World of ESP* (extrasensory perception). □

and agencies to co-ordinate their influence and develop programs to "foster racial inclusiveness" in local churches.

- Reviewed the Racial Witness Relief Fund set up to assist Methodists suffering economic loss due to race-relations activity. Since 1964, the fund has received about \$25,000; grants for \$4,130 were approved in the past 10 months.

- Recommended that three representatives of Evangelical United Brethren Church boards be invited to sit with the commission's secretarial council, an executive body.

The Interboard Commission also endorsed the Board of Education's new older youth-young adult ministry, supported the development of a local-church poverty-action manual, and voted to recommend a comprehensive study of the local church to the special session of the General Conference in November.

Jazz Communion Service

A Lenten service of Holy Communion with a jazz setting packed the sanctuary at Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church in Minneapolis, Minn.

Lalo Schiffrin's *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts* was performed by the Paul Horn jazz quintet, the church's choir, and members of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

Dr. Chester Pennington, pastor, admitted that many among the overflow crowd of 3,000 came in curiosity. But when he invited them to receive Communion, about 2,000 persons accepted the Sacrament. The jazz group improvised throughout.

The *Minneapolis Star* music critic wrote: "Part of the uniqueness of the performance was in its integration with a church service, the music not taking 'starring' position as at a secular concert but lending itself with due humility—but with fine creative thrust—to the religious ceremony."

First Aboriginal Minister

For the first time in the history of the Australian Methodist Church, an Aborigine will be ordained a minister in October, 1966.

Lazarus Lami Lami was chosen for ordination by the Board of Missions because of his long and faithful service to the church and the part he has played in the development of work among the Aborigines. He will be ordained by the South Australian Conference.

Mr. Lami Lami is a carpenter and pastor at a mission station off the Northern Territory mainland, where he will continue to work among his people. His ordination is expected to be an incentive to other Aborigines who are taking an active part in the

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community and the life of the church, which dates back more than 150 years. For the first time, in 1965, Aborigines were full delegates to the Territory's district synod.

Now in his 50s, Mr. Lami Lami became a member of the Methodist Church during World War II. He was greatly influenced by the Rev. Len Kentish, a missionary who was killed by the Japanese in 1943.

Emergency Help for India

The Methodist Council of Bishops has called on congregations across the nation to conduct special offerings toward a minimum \$1.5 million appeal to aid famine-stricken peoples of India [see *Starvation Stalks India*, May, page 8].

Meeting in Louisville, Ky., the bishops set May 1 as the offering date, but due to conflicts some local churches are presenting the appeal later. Funds go to the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief for channeling through Methodist and interdenominational agencies.

In other action, Bishop Richard C. Raines of Indianapolis was installed as president of the Council of Bishops. Elected president-designate, to take office in the spring of 1967, was Bishop Donald H. Tippet of San Francisco.

Bishop Herbert Welch of New York City was honored as a 50-year member of the council. He is 103.

Methodists in the News

Awarded an Army Commendation Medal for heroism in Viet Nam, Chaplain (Major) Dwight C. Jarvis assisted in rescuing, despite intense heat and exploding ammunition, the bodies of nine personnel killed in a midair collision of two helicopters.

The Rev. Edward G. Latch, pastor of Metropolitan Memorial Methodist Church, Washington, D.C., was named acting chaplain of the U.S. House of Representatives. Appointed by House Speaker John W. McCormack, he will serve until a chaplain is elected at the beginning of the 1967 session next January. The Rev. Frederick Brown Harris, another Methodist, is chaplain of the U.S. Senate.

Prominent Methodist educator Dr. Willa B. Player has relinquished the presidency of Methodist-related Bennett College, Greensboro, N.C., to become director of the division of college support of the U.S. Office of Education in Washington, D.C. She will be in charge of grants to strengthen small colleges under the 1965 Higher Education Act.

Burma Missionaries Ousted

Five Methodist missionaries must leave Burma before May 31, in compliance with an edict issued by General Ne Win's military government.

The edict, affecting 58 American missionaries, will remove all foreign church representatives. The move follows nationalization of all schools, including several Methodist institutions, in 1964.

Methodist Board of Missions officials and other Christian leaders in the U.S. emphasize, however, that the church in Burma is under strong Burmese leadership and will continue its work and witness.

American-related Methodism in Burma voted to become an autonomous church in October, 1965, and elected its own bishop. It has about 2,500 members in 20 congregations. British Methodists also are at work in Burma, and the two bodies look toward eventual union.


Methodist missionaries leaving Burma, listed with their American homes, are Dr. and Mrs. Frank E. Manton, East Liverpool, Ohio; Miss Hazel Winslow, Harris, Iowa; the Rev. and Mrs. Robert C. Howard, Mobile, Ala.

The Mantons will be reassigned to another missionary field; the Howards will return home on furlough this summer; and Miss Winslow, who has served in Burma since 1926, will retire later this year.

Medical missionary Dr. Marvin F. Piburn, delaying his return home to Boulder, Colo., from Rhodesia, has volunteered to serve without pay in South Viet Nam for two months. Medical superintendent of the Methodist Hospital at Nyadiri Mission in Salisbury, Dr. Piburn will treat sick and wounded Vietnamese civilians.

Dr. Durton K. Konoso has been appointed minister of justice in Zambia, Africa. A former Methodist Crusade Scholar at Lincoln Hospital in the Bronx, N.Y., Dr. Konoso was recalled to Zambia in 1963 to develop medical policies for the nation then in the process of gaining independence.

Honored as "one of America's most zealous and articulate proponents of a truly ecumenical church," Bishop Fred Pierce Corson, president of the World Methodist Council, received the annual Philadelphia Public Relations Association award. The first clergyman to receive the award, Bishop Corson also was cited for "devoted service to the cause of international amity and world peace."



The WORSHIP Hour

SEVERAL YEARS ago, a Methodist church in Kentucky created a stir by moving its single Sunday worship service from 11 back to 9 a.m., so members could have a greater part of the day for uninterrupted rest, relaxation, and recreation with their families. Despite gloomy predictions, attendance climbed; inactive members began coming; families that once skipped church to visit distant friends and relatives attended services first; golfers and boaters showed up more often—even on nice days.

Not that moving the eleven o'clock worship hour is so uncommon. Thousands of churches do it every summer for a variety of very practical reasons. Nor is there any special reservoir of spiritual power unleashed only at 11 Sunday morning. It came to be the traditional hour for worship for down-to-earth reasons—notably that years ago it fit conveniently between milking times!

In some communities, of course, eleven o'clock still is the most appropriate and convenient hour for worship. But just as the horse and wagon has given way to the automobile as the chief means of getting to church, other changes in our ways of living suggest the need at least to reexamine the best hour for worship. For instance:

- *Physical mobility.* With even distant points within weekend reach by car and plane, Sunday morning finds millions of families many miles from their churches for all sorts of leisure activities. And who will say that missing church for a joyous day with the family is to be condemned?

- *Escape from the city.* Those in densely populated metropolitan areas look to the weekend as a chance to get out into the country for a change of scene. But even with 400-horsepower cars and super-highways, this often can't be done in an afternoon.

- *New forms of recreation.* More than 10 million Americans now ski; probably four times that number are campers. And the boaters! Yet significantly, these mushrooming new forms of healthful recreation ordinarily cannot be pursued in the amount of time available on a Sunday afternoon.

- *More people working on Sunday.* Besides those in health, public safety, and service occupations of whom this always has been true, many others now operate businesses open on Sunday and staff crowded parks, beaches, amusement parks, sports arenas, and transportation facilities. When can they worship?

These factors that argue for considering changes in the hour for worship also raise a deeper question: Why worship only on Sunday?

Again, there are precedents. One pastor introduced a new worship schedule by asking: "Why not free the conscience for enjoyment of the long weekend by repeating the Sunday service and sermon the following Thursday night? In the spirit of Jesus, we might say: the sabbath was made for man—especially New England in the springtime!"

A West Coast inner-city church has held regular Monday-night services for over three years to extend

its outreach. In another case, five city churches offer a joint Wednesday evening service followed by coffee and discussion. And a suburban congregation last fall began a "new Sabbath" on Tuesday evening, supplementing its Sunday services. After the Tuesday service, it conducts a lay-academy program consisting of a dinner, lecture, and discussion. Interestingly, this permits the church to serve its 800 members with a sanctuary seating only 226—and frees for more urgent mission needs the many dollars a new, larger sanctuary would require.

If the idea of different hours or even different days for worship is to be given a fair hearing, it is necessary to recognize that:

1. *All hours, all days, are holy.* "This is the day the Lord hath made" applies to all days, not just Sunday. So any moment is appropriate for worship.

2. *Sunday is for joy.* From its inception as a Christian observance, Sunday has been primarily a day for joy over the continuing presence of Christ in our lives. Secondly, it has come to be a day for reflection and leisure, a time to restore the necessary rhythm between work and rest. While there have been times in church history when restrictions have crowded out joy, history also shows that whenever joyful free involvement in the spirit of Christ has been permitted, there the Sabbath tradition has borne its most lasting fruits in enhancing life.

3. *All persons should have the opportunity for corporate worship.* While Sunday no doubt will continue as the focal point for public worship, many can't attend services then, and others choose renewing activities possible only on the weekend. Only by departing from worship schedules left over from another age can we make worship opportunities available to all sorts of people with all sorts of work schedules and avocational interests.

4. *Leisure is essential.* Vestiges of the Puritan ethic still haunt our leisure hours with the myth that nonwork time is somehow sinful because it is not measurably productive. But leisure is far more than just time to kill: it is essential in a balanced life. It is a time we can use our talents, energies, and imagination freely for our own inner satisfaction—and often for the benefit of others. Many whose jobs do not provide the meaning and personal fulfillment most men once found in their work now seek these essential values in leisure activities. Shouldn't the church encourage this—in some cases by opening worship opportunities during the week to clear weekends for meaningful leisure?

Again, this is not to argue that every church should change its worship schedule. But these possibilities should at least be discussed—without prejudice—in every congregation. When there is such wide experimentation in ways of reaching the unchurched, it seems only logical to make worship more convenient for churchgoers, too.—YOUR EDITORS

Rarely, if ever, has a theological debate exploded into such broad public consciousness as this one—or been greeted with such supercharged, if sometimes superficial, hostility and ridicule. At deeper levels, however, radical theologians raise serious questions for all Christians. Here is a report on what they are saying, drawn from their latest writings.

What Do They Mean, 'GOD IS DEAD'?

By JAMES M. WALL
Editor, *Christian Advocate*

TALK ABOUT the "death of God" is of recent vintage only in the public mind. Theological conversations on the topic have been going on for many years—long before secular periodicals put the current debate in the national spotlight last fall. Indeed, almost the entire theological enterprise of this century has been concerned in one way or the other with ways of speaking about God.

But thanks to the recent burst of publicity, the issue now is of great concern to the general public. And while the term "death of God" is harsh and repugnant to many, it has at least had the therapeutic effect of forcing conversations about God among churchmen who have been unaware of the vast erosion of faith going on about them.

This erosion is finally the reason for all the talk about God's death. In varying ways, many contempo-

rary theologians are suggesting that ours is a time in which men no longer "hear" from God, that God is absent, or that he is actually dead.

The Moderates: 'We Don't Hear God'

This theology is found in its mildest form in Bishop John A. T. Robinson's controversial *Honest to God*, where he writes:

When we use the word "God," we are talking about something which no longer connects with anything in most people's life, except with whatever happens to be left over when all the vital connections have been made.

Bishop Robinson is saying that the problem of God's silence is at this end of the line, not God's. At first, this seems only another variation of the familiar sermon that men won't listen to God. But he is saying more than this. He is insisting that modern man, even at his spiritual best, still is unable to catch God-noises. His reception apparatus is either broken down or tuned in on another channel.

Still, in describing this faulty hearing apparatus, Robinson has not used the harsh term "death of God" in his analysis of the modern scene. He has preferred to speak of the absence of the God-hypothesis—of any working definition which men can use to refer to the reality of God. Robinson attempts to solve this problem by relying on Paul Tillich's "God of the depths"—the concept that God's presence is to be found in the depths of experience.

More Drastic: 'God Is Silent'

A second group of theologians speaks of something more drastic than the needs for new language. They say the contemporary situation is one in which we are experiencing the actual silence, if not the actual absence, of God. Martin Heidegger, for example, calls for a theology that would confess at the outset that we stand "in the no-more of the departed gods and the



Thomas J. J. Altizer (left) and William Hamilton are the best known, most influential of today's radical Christians. They say God has died—and mean it literally.

not-yet of the coming" God. Heidegger says that while God may indeed be "present" somewhere, contemporary man does not have access to that somewhere with his present modes of receptivity.

In this witness to the absence of God, theologians are supported by the almost unanimous testimony of literary, dramatic, and visual artists since the middle of the 19th century. There have been virtually no major works of art in the past 100 years that affirm the presence of God in the world. When religious themes do appear, they speak of the terror of living in a world without God, or they witness to the suffering of Jesus (as in the paintings of Georges Rouault, for example). But they are unable to provide any positive vision or contemporary understanding of God.

Modern cinema, the 20th century's only original art form, has been most eloquent in referring to God's silence or absence. In a film trilogy by Ingmar Bergman on this theme, God appears as a satanic spider figure, is completely silent to two love-starved sisters, and absents himself from a pastor's desperation.

The Radicals: 'God Has Died'

Beyond those concerned for new language and about the agony of God's absence is still a third group of thinkers, who say that what we presently are experiencing is actually the death of God himself. And it is this radical statement that finally caught the public's attention in the secular press.

Perhaps the two best-known proponents of this approach are Dr. Thomas J. J. Altizer, an Episcopal layman, who teaches religion at Methodist-related Emory University in Atlanta, Ga., and Dr. William Hamilton, a Baptist minister who is a professor of theology at Colgate-Rochester School of Theology in Rochester, N.Y. An Episcopal minister teaching at Temple University, Dr. Paul M. van Buren, is frequently linked to Altizer and Hamilton, but he insists that he is actually not a "death of God" theologian but rather a linguistic philosopher who despairs of being able to talk about God.

All this radical theological discussion would normally be dismissed by the average Christian, except for the fact that many church members are beginning to confess that the absence of God is also their experience. Thinking that they were simply being unfaithful to God, they had not said much about it. But the popularity of Bishop Robinson's book, the increased public attention to artistic statements about God's absence, and the honest confessions of many younger pastors that they, too, are not as certain about God-talk as were their fathers, all point to a religious or spiritual vacuum felt by both laymen and ministers.

Most church leaders insist that absence of faith is not the same as the absence of God. The continued prosperity of the churches and the stepped-up emphasis on religion in public affairs (few Americans would knowingly send an atheist to the White House) would seem to point to at least a large number of believing Christians in our midst. Church leaders who cite statistics suggest that all this "death of God" talk is really confined to a small number of disillusioned theologians and secular newspaper and magazine

writers who realize that destruction is always good news copy, whether it be death on the highway or in the heavens. They insist that such talk is a recurring phenomenon that has frequently plagued the Christian church—and just as frequently fallen away.

The Church's Internal Debate

Even so, intense debate within church circles over the present controversy would suggest that perhaps there is reason to be concerned over the spiritual state of the church and the nation. As one pastor put it, "If God is alive, why does he need such vigorous defense by ecclesiastical leaders?" Others argue that much of the negative reaction is due to a desperate defensiveness by those maintaining church structures that no longer are an effective part of contemporary life. They point to the secularity of our present culture and suggest that the church has been relegated to a "religious" corner with little or no impact on society.

Such spokesmen as Colin W. Williams (*What in the World and Where in the World*) and Harvey Cox (*The Secular City*) agree with these theologians at this point, stating that ours is a time of "secularization" in which *autonomous* man no longer has any relationship to or concern for supernatural, other-than-man realms of existence. Indeed, almost all contemporary religious thinkers agree that whatever theologizing and structuring we do must be done with the full awareness that the old line separating the religious and secular spheres of life has been eradicated. Instead, they maintain, this is a time of secularization in which all talk about God and church must be conducted without reference to any nonhuman realm.

To put it another way, these thinkers contend that theology in our time must begin with reflection on the events of our time—civil rights, poverty, mass media—and only then proceed to theologizing. This is a reversal of orthodox theological practice, which begins with the "given" of Christ's revelation and applies this fact to the world. A theology of reflection would begin with the world and find meaning there, then structure it into a theological system. Whether this meaning would be called "Christ," "God," or simply "meaning" would depend on the theologian.

Such talk is variously received by official churchmen. Older theologians have generally appreciated Robinson, Williams, and Cox, but Thomas Altizer has thus far received only a minimum of support—and considerable opposition. His book on Mircea Eliade was too technical to command a general audience and his other writings have been specialized statements for theological journals. But with the publication of his latest book, *The Gospel of Christian Atheism*, the discussion now should be able to proceed at a more responsible (and probably even more heated) pace.

Altizer: An Orthodox Radical

Readers of Altizer's new book will discover that he is at once more orthodox, and yet far more radical, than any of the other theologians in the "death of God" camp. His orthodoxy comes from the centrality he gives Jesus, and for the fact that his is the first real effort to make an affirmative new theological state-

ment about the present situation of secularization. Cox has been content to see in existing political and social-action developments certain hints of God's presence; Hamilton is more concerned to focus on the meaning of God's death for contemporary man; Williams seeks church patterns in a secular age. But Altizer takes up the task of developing a metaphysical—or total—statement of radical theology.

Altizer's position is that modern awareness of the "absence" of God is but the final darkness before a new humanity dawns. Indeed, he insists that the new humanity (the "kingdom of God") is already a possibility, and that only continued worship of a God who is "other than man" keeps us in that darkness. His orthodoxy is apparent in the way in which he uses kenotic Christology—the belief that the Creator of the universe actually and totally "emptied" himself into Jesus Christ, dying on the cross in order to negate completely his primordial existence.

Where Altizer makes his radical break with orthodoxy, however, is in his assertion that talk of a "resurrection" after God's death is but a regression to the realm God left when he died. What the early church could not accept in full is that God's death on the cross completed the Incarnation, the coming of God to men in Christ. This, he says, frees man for a new humanity, a fullness of existence not possible so long as man remains dependent upon a sovereign deity who controls human affairs from another realm.

The death on the cross, Altizer maintains, was God's actual death, affected in order that God's incarnational movement into the world might be total. But this death was not realized until modern consciousness (our present secularity) permitted man to see that the "heavens" were indeed empty and that the earth now was filled with the actual presence of the God who died.

Of course, Altizer says, only the radical Christian has been able to affirm this fact. All other Christians continue to bow in guilt and repression before a "dead" God. And, he adds, such writers as Herman Melville, in *Moby Dick*, seek to "kill" the repressive God who will not permit man his full humanity.

Altizer's position will be especially difficult for churchmen to accept, for he insists that the church has been but the keeper of a dead God, forcing men to worship an empty heaven, and preventing man from receiving the new humanity which God's death on the cross presents. Indeed, Altizer says at one point that perhaps the church's most significant contribution has been to drive man to such despair over being unable to hear from the empty heavens that it finally has pushed man into an awareness of the new epiphany now possible for him.

Altizer, in short, takes very seriously our present modern consciousness, and insists that any attempt to continue to believe in an otherworldly deity is but a continued denial of man's new gift of humanity, even now being presented to him in this secular age. To be alive is to proceed forward, he says, and any regression or move back to a lost innocence is but a denial of our experience as historical beings. To the extent we continue to worship a preincarnational God,

a God of another realm, to that extent are we looking backward and denying to our new humanity. It is in this sense that Altizer accepts and affirms our present secular situation as presenting the potential for a redemptive experience in union with the incarnational presence of the God who died.

This new awareness of God's death and the advent of the new humanity first came into modern consciousness, Altizer believes, with the prophetic visions of such 18th and 19th-century thinkers as Nietzsche, Hegel, and the poet William Blake. Joining him in this dependence on 19th-century thinkers is William Hamilton, who insists that the entire period from the French and American revolutions to 1914 is the time in which the death of God became a reality.

The two men differ here only in points of emphasis. For Hamilton, the Incarnation of Christ makes the death of God possible, but it does not really happen until the 19th century. Hamilton, like Altizer, finds 19th-century thinkers the source of information which the 20th century now must assimilate if it is to be honest with its own vision of a dead God. But, unlike Altizer, he does not attempt to develop a complete metaphysical system out of the Incarnation or rooted in the 19th century.

God's Death as an Affirmation

Altizer, then, is the first *affirmative* theologian of the period of God's silence or absence. Few churchmen will be willing to accept his full systematic treatment of a new epiphany produced by a God who died; but perhaps in his provocative (and certainly original) propositions, there can be found beginnings for new, and radical, insights into previously held beliefs.

Indeed, it might be said that Altizer is the current movement's charismatic—most dynamic and personally creative—figure, while Hamilton is analyst and interpreter within the framework of the Christian church. As a seminary professor, Hamilton speaks of the death of God out of the context of contemporary theological debate. Altizer, as a university teacher of religion, does not feel this same obligation to the theological community. Rather, he feels called upon only to report his own vision, gained through oriental mystical religions and the 19th-century visionaries.

As a teacher of theology, Hamilton reports that he is no longer able to ground his faith in the Barthian paradox that "Man can't know God, therefore God makes himself known." Hamilton insists that it is true that man cannot know God, but that the statement, "God makes himself known" is no longer a statement that has any meaning for contemporary man. And it is in the absence of a reality making itself "known" that we must announce the death of God.

Hamilton also insists that he is merely speaking of his own experience and not trying to convert others to his position. Rather, he maintains, he wants to witness to the manner in which he reads the present situation and commend it as an option to any who might find it helpful. In this manner, he stresses the relativity of all knowledge in this age—his belief that no area of knowledge and no discipline, not even Christianity, inherently contains absolute truth.

FOR ADDITIONAL READING . . .

The Gospel of Christian Atheism, by Thomas J. J. Altizer (Westminster, \$3, cloth; \$1.75, paper)—A definitive personal statement by a radical "death of God" theologian.

Radical Theology and the Death of God, by Thomas J. J. Altizer and William Hamilton (Bobbs-Merrill, \$5, cloth; \$2.25, paper)—Collected articles by the two men.

The New Essence of Christianity, by William Hamilton (Association Press, \$3)—An early postulation of God's death.

The New Theologian, by Ved Mehta (Harper & Row, \$4.95)—Originally a *New Yorker* series, it probes the minds of many who have shaped today's theology.

New Theology No. 1 and New Theology No. 2, edited by Martin E. Marty and Dean G. Peerman (Macmillan, each \$1.95)—Collected articles on theology and related fields.

Honest to God, by John A. T. Robinson (Westminster, \$1.65, paper)—The provocative bishop of Woolwich airs his doubts, not about God's existence but about the language, imagery, and ideas in which He is encrusted.

In reaching his position, Hamilton also points to the unique character of suffering in the 20th century. It has always been difficult for "the head and heart to manage suffering," he says, but in the light of what man has done to man in the 20th century, "we now can speak of the providence of God only by turning God into a monster."

As a theologian, Hamilton recognizes that the death of God demands an answer to the question: what does the work formerly done by God? With Bonhoeffer, Hamilton rejects any notion of a God who comes in to solve problems and meet needs which man can no longer handle. Human enterprise alone can solve such basic ills as hunger, sickness, war, and disease, he declares; and if human structures are not now available, then we must develop them. For until we do this, the needs and problems will go unanswered.

But what of the former work of God pertaining to forgiveness, compassion, judgment? Hamilton insists also that forms of human community must be developed to provide what we once assumed God alone could ultimately provide. In such a community, he insists that the historic figure of Jesus should serve as model for human conduct. At the same time, the human communities should learn to look for signs of the "sacred" in the midst of human experiences.

This pragmatic concern to find the "sacred" is given a metaphysical explanation by Altizer, who says that the immanence (presence) of what he terms "the new humanity" became a reality only as the Incarnate God negated his divine nature in order to be incarnate. What Hamilton "senses" in the contemporary situation is given a genesis by Altizer. In doing so, Altizer makes a very orthodox insistence on the uniqueness of Christianity. He maintains that only the Christian can recognize the death of God, because only the Christian has experienced faith in the new humanity which God as *Jesus* presented to man.

Oddly enough, Altizer's theology may prove too "religious" for many of the unchurched, since his notion that a transcendent God *did* exist before the Incarnation is highly orthodox. One of the great appeals of Paul Tillich for many was his insistence upon the sym-

holistic nature of the Christ-event—revealing but not changing God's nature. Conservative Christians, on the other hand, see the Christ-event as an occurrence which actually and substantially effected a new relationship between man and God. And now Altizer, otherwise anathema to the conservative, returns to the idea that the Christ-event is not just a revelation of the incarnate nature of God but is the event through which God actually and forever departed from his transcendent realm and fully entered the world.

Toward a New Faith

While Altizer is not apt to receive much support for his complete system of radical theology, exposure to it is provocative and at least ventilates tenets of our faith that may not have been validated in the light of current secular thought. But for some, it will be more than this. Altizer says he is speaking to those Christians who have discovered "that an established form of faith has become wholly unreal," and who are left with no choice but to open themselves to a new form.

His radical theology of immanence is offered as one form. Faith in the incarnate Christ permits the radical Christian to "truly love the world," embracing it even in its "pain and darkness as an epiphany of the body of Christ." Such an assertion will find much affinity with contemporary theologies of involvement. Still, like them, Altizer's theology of immanence is filled with many unanswered questions. For example, where does a man of faith living in this "new humanity" look for guidance in making ethical decisions? If sin is defined as failure to participate in this new freedom, how are we to recognize sin? By what standards do we judge which patterns of behavior are progressive, and which we, therefore, should participate in? How and what do we worship? How do we pray?

But then, are not these the same questions that must be posed for any meaningful theology in this secular age? If the line between the sacred and the profane has been obliterated, then what and where are the marks of the presence of the Incarnation?

Granting the need to develop more complete answers to such questions, it must still be remembered that Altizer is presenting metaphysical statements regarding the new humanity which other secularization theologies have avoided. He has clearly presented what he calls his "wager": that the contemporary Christian must bet either that God is sovereign and worship him accordingly, or he must bet that God is dead and receive the "full and actual presence of the Christ who is a totally incarnate love."

It may be that Altizer's alternatives are too extreme—at least for most people at this time. Possibly our solution lies somewhere nearer traditional patterns of thought. But in an age of secularization, purely "religious" answers imposed in an alien manner upon a secular world are certainly not sufficient.

We may not agree with, or fully understand, the "death of God" theologians, but certainly they are prodding the rest of the church to develop an evangelical theology that is relevant for our present time. If they do nothing more than this, they will have served us well. □

Who really wants to cure
a child of adventuring, or of curiosity,
or of wanting to test new ways?

With Love and Neglect

By ILVA W. WALKER



WHATEVER happened to that delicacy, the mud pie? I have not seen one in years. Don't today's children have any culinary ambitions? Distressing!

Another sign of our anxiety-ridden times is Mama's comment when Junior goes out to play. Does she tell him, "Have a nice time, dear"? Not any more. She is more likely to warn: "Don't climb the tree! You'll fall and break your arm."

Or she will say: "Don't go barefooted; you'll step on a rusty nail and get lockjaw." "Don't stand up in the swing; you'll fall out and split your head wide open." "Don't walk through puddles; you'll catch pneumonia." "Put on your scarf now, and put on your rubbers, your sweater, and your gloves."

In cold weather, the child, half suffocated with swathings, waddles around like an obese penguin. If anything shows but his eyes and his nose, Mama is sure he will catch bronchial sclerotic orthrojaundice . . . and maybe a runny nose, too.

But not the mama of the Walker three. Ask the neighbors; they will tell you. Long have they wondered why my children have not contracted chills, fever, frostbite, and

what-have-you, for I operate on the theory that even my two-year-old is smart enough to know when he is cold. And while my friends insist that those Walker kids will perish from exposure, I will stand pat. Because whose children do not have colds? The Walkers—that's whose!

Whoever heard of a boy attaining manhood without wading barefoot through the puddles from a recent rain? Or without playing in the rain, completely clothed? Only a parent without any imagination would be unromantic enough to demand that he change to a bathing suit!

Whoever heard of a boy growing up, either, without getting "filthy" dirty, as my two-year-old blissfully calls it, at least three times a day? Really, what is the use of warning, "Don't touch that fresh paint!" "Don't get near that dirty box!" "Don't go near that sprinkler!"? You know good and well that all kids are going to do all three—and more—so you might as well dress them accordingly and get ready to do the washing.

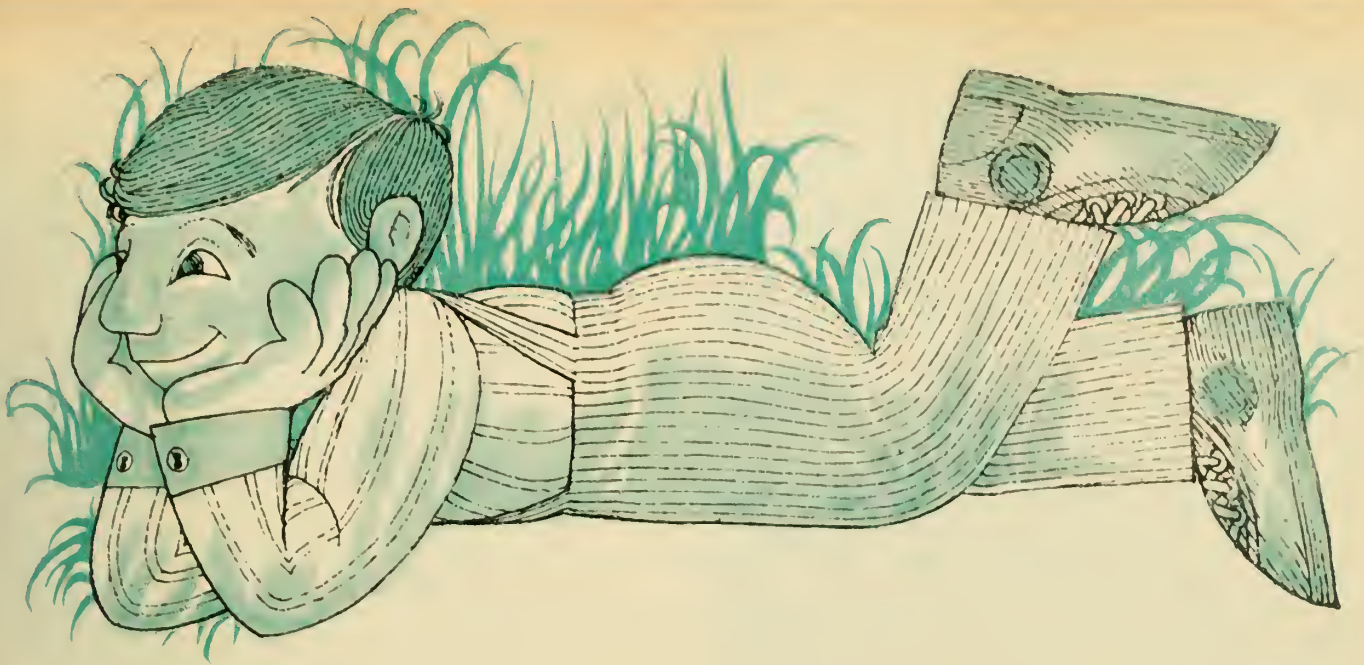
Modern reasoning seems to be that if cleanliness is next to godliness, then dirtiness is pure sinful-

ness. If the child were to come home with leprosy, his mother would square her shoulders and be stalwart and sympathetic. But the thought of cleaning a layer of Mother Earth off a chipper cherub repels most mothers as much as if the child had brought home a bouquet of rattlesnakes.

It curdles my blood to hear some mother say to her one-year-old experimenter, "Don't run, darling, you'll fall down and skin your knees." How does she expect that child to learn all the things he needs to know if he just sits and smiles demurely? And when he is in high school, she will be vigorously vetoing football, swimming, and track.

These days, too, when a child sneezes, mommy puts him to bed, calls the doctor, takes his temperature, gives him aspirin, isolates the other children, and paces the floor. Doesn't she have enough to do without wasting all that energy on a sneeze?

When I was in college, the mother of a sorority sister of mine used to travel 24 miles every Saturday—during gas rationing—to clean up the girl's room, while the girl herself was in morning classes.



Then she washed my friend's dainties by hand and took the heavier wash home. And often she never even laid eyes on her daughter. Yet that girl was majoring in home economics!

Look at it this way: Who wants to be responsible for raising a bride who never has cooked a meal or washed a sock? Or who wants to have reared a 200-pound male who still likes to squeeze the sand between his toes because mother would never let him do it when he was little? And who really wants to cure a child of adventuring, or curiosity, or testing new ways to ride a bike? Who honestly would want a child without inherent initiative and old-fashioned get-up-and-go?

If we have taught this up-and-coming generation to be afraid of dirt on their hands, scared of skinned knees, petrified of germs, who is going to do their dirty work for them? Why, Mama, that's who. Just as long as she is witless enough to let them walk over her. And just as long as she is around to do it. After she is not, then heaven help them.

My father's favorite story is about a woman who had reared 20 children, all splendid, successful men and women. A reporter asked her what was the secret of her success.

"Well," she drawled, "I just reared them with lots of loving, and good wholesome neglect."

There is the secret! Good wholesome neglect! Children have had enough oversupervision and morning-till-night regimentation. We destroy something vital in them if we are always leading, always directing, dictating, suggesting, and regimenting.

Left to his own devices, our five-year-old makes a cape out of a dish towel and plays Superman from the top of the new fence. He puts Daddy's funnel atop his head and becomes Tom Terrific while Buttons, our fourth-generation mutt, plods patiently behind as Mighty Manfred, the Wonder Dog.

Tiring of this, our son turns up the front of his cowboy hat to become Rusty, and Buttons is transformed into Rin Tin Tin. Next our young hero reverses his gun and becomes Wild Bill Hickok. Or he gets out his paint set, paints a moustache on his upper lip, and seizes a stick which instantly becomes a sword. Presto, he is Zorro.

By lunchtime, having inhabited a dozen glamorous worlds, he cheerfully returns to the domination of adults and routines. Having had such a fabulous variety of adventures in the morning, he is content to be my little boy for a while.

When he goes to kindergarten, we will give him some new freedoms, and some new responsibilities.

I do not want my child to be saying, "Mommy, what'll I wear to school today?" every day, year in and year out, while Mommy selects his attire and spares him from making a decision. And when he is ready to go away to college, I do not want anyone to hear *me* say: "I don't know what he will do without me. He depends on me for everything."

How will he get along? Well, I hope his father and I will have taught him, and our other children, to get along on their own brains. That is the way we are training them, giving them more and more responsibility and freedom just as quickly as they are able to take it.

Deliver me from being one of those parents who chart their offsprings' course in life. Personally, I would rather have a child who says, "Mother, I've decided to dedicate my life to elevating the profession of beachcombing."

If he does, I hope I will answer, "Well, darling son, this is not what your old mother and father had in mind for you; but if beachcombing is your choice, then go to it."

"Take our blessings, and may all your troubles be clammy ones!" □

William Mason, M.D.:

His Service Goes Beyond Medicine



Quick-change artist: On comparatively short notice, William Mason switches from the white coat of physician dressing an injured knee to a uniform bearing the badge of a deputy sheriff.



SINCE THERE was no Protestant church in the town, Dr. and Mrs. William Mason had their young son christened at home. The paternal grandmother, who was ill, sent a special little bowl. Present from out of town were the maternal grandparents, a Southern Baptist preacher, a Presbyterian minister, and the Methodist district superintendent—all of whom participated in the ceremony. Also there was the Mormon bishop, a friend of the family, who watched the christening with interest.

That was almost 10 years ago, shortly after the Masons moved to the small Mormon community of Panguitch in southern Utah. For about four years after that, a little group of Methodists held services in the Mason home. Later they took a small room in a motel, paying only for the heat. Now regular services are held in a trailer-church the congregation recently financed.

Panguitch lies in a high, dry valley under blue skies and glinting peaks, not far from the rocky cliffs, natural bridges, pinnacles, turreted castles, and rainbow colors of Bryce Canyon National Park. The doctor, who has lived in many places and done many things, finds the climate good for his lungs, for Mrs. Mason's sinuses, for three fine sons—and quite a few horses.

At 45, the six-foot-four physician has lived here longer than in any other place since early boyhood. Born in Panama, where his father operated an electric tow car in the Canal Zone, he grew up in St. Louis and various TVA communities in Tennessee and Kentucky. He served here and abroad during World War II, studied medicine at the University of Tennessee, and interned in a Memphis hospital. He met his wife in the seventh grade at Clinton, Tenn., and courted her while she was serving with the Marine Corps in Norman, Okla. It was there he gave her the ring.

In larger cities, some doctors do not involve them-

selves in community affairs beyond those directly related to medicine. Not so in Panguitch, where other avenues of service to his fellowmen have become very important to this man who has taken deep roots in the community in which he really found his identity.

Once, for example, there was this monstrous thing in his life called alcoholism.

"I never was involved with the law," Dr. Mason says. "I never lost my credit cards or driver's license. I never had any trouble with practicing medicine. But this thing had become a great, personal problem with me. This was a cross I had to bear. But because of it, I now know what a wonderful thing it is to get your life back when it is almost lost. No one can really appreciate what I am talking about unless he has lived the life of an alcoholic."

After years of sobriety, Dr. Mason continues to share his faith, not only with those who have drinking problems but with many other patients.

"Several times each day I have occasion to talk with patients about belief in God. As a doctor, I feel that a healthy person needs exercise for the body, education for the mind, and spiritual nourishment for the soul. Too many times—in this age of miracle drugs—we remain primitive spiritually.

"Of all people, a doctor should be aware of the importance of belief and faith in healing. Many times we have seen people live who should die, and people die who should live. Most doctors, if they are sincere, will tell you that you can pray and operate at the same time."

On a typical morning, the doctor rises early, goes out to feed his beloved horses, breakfasts at eight o'clock, and goes to the clinic. He treats the daughter of a tourist for fever, removes a sliver from the eye of a small boy, visits a dying man in the hospital. He



Potluck at the trailer-church: It takes more than one member of the family to carry food prepared by Mrs. Mason, Cub Scout den mother, former WSCS president, and building-fund treasurer.

Meeting on alcoholism: Better than most, he knows medicine alone won't heal a wounded spirit.





Eight o'clock on a summer's morning finds Dr. Mason (left) studying a report on alcoholism before going to the clinic for daily appointments and to his hospital rounds. Somewhat later, Mrs. Mason and their son Leslie go shopping for swim trunks. Leslie, eldest of their three sons, is working toward Scouting's highly prized God and Country Award, as well as merit badges in swimming and junior lifesaving.

The Panguitch congregation hears Dr. Mason report on the 1965 convocation of Methodist Men at Lafayette, Ind.





Wynne, who like his older brother stays busy working for merit badges, wears his Scout uniform while taking up collection. He tends to the church grounds, has a large stamp collection, and plays first base on a Little League team.

delivers a baby (his average is about 60 a year), and sets a broken arm. On this particular afternoon, he sets out for Salt Lake City, 250 miles away, to attend a meeting on the problems of alcoholism. He drives back that night, for he has a tonsillectomy scheduled next morning.

Few people can be more a part of community life than a physician who also assumes a leading role in his church, in Scouting, in law enforcement, and other civic activities. Dr. Mason is such a man. Not only was he instrumental in bringing Methodism to the Mormon community, but he now serves as lay leader and as lay speaker. He instigated the Boy Scout troop, and works closely with his pastor, the Rev. James Sloan, who has the Panguitch trailer-church on his circuit. Also, Dr. Mason is a deputy sheriff and member of the Garfield County sheriff's posse.

"I could tell you stories about chasing escaped prisoners, of setting up roadblocks with armed high-school boys at your back, of plane crashes, of chasing criminals two or three days through the brush.

"True, I live a busy life and have a busy schedule, but many times I'm as available as any man in town. I think an alert, interested, and informed citizenry is probably the greatest deterrent to crime that we have.

"I ask you, why shouldn't a doctor be a part of these things, too?"

—H. B. TEETER



The family scene wouldn't be complete without David, shown with the doctor astride one of the Mason horses. Youngest in the family, he taught himself to ride, and shares his dad's love of horseflesh.

Union of The Methodist Church and the Evangelical United Brethren Church could take place in 1968 if present plans are approved. The first key votes on a proposed Plan of Union will be cast late this year by the General Conferences of both denominations, and, if they adopt it, balloting by annual conferences will follow in 1967. But as the time for decision nears, some are asking if the two churches really are ready for such a major step.

Methodist-EUB Union: NOW...or LATER?



NOW...

There is no real reason to delay the imperative for unity of Christ's church, says Bishop Lance Webb of the Illinois Area.

ONE OF THE most disturbing and perplexing approaches to union of the Evangelical United Brethren and Methodist Churches is the proposal by several church spokesmen who sincerely advocate church union, but strangely enough, not now. Such sentiments have been voiced recently through articles in the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE* and *Christian Century* and

reported in the news columns of *TOGETHER* and other church publications.

The suggestion being pushed rather vigorously by these people is that after discussion of the proposed Plan of Union in the General Conferences next November, it should be defeated and committed to new joint Methodist-EUB commissions for further study and negotiation.

The argument is ironic and sad. It goes something like this:

Because we have not had adequate grass-roots discussions, because the structure of a completely new church with a new approach to the episcopacy and other new organizational details has not been perfected, and primarily because "renewal" has not yet come to the two churches, we should wait until we have worked out all our problems. After renewal comes, so the argument goes, then it will be time enough for us to unite.

This is what might be called (with apologies to the late, great C. S. Lewis) a "Screwtape" fallacy. Screwtape, one of satan's chief assistants, might well write to Wormwood, another devil assigned to keep the Methodists and EUBs separate and competing, and advise him somewhat in this fashion:

"If you can keep both sides talking about their little points of difference until they loom larger and vastly more important than they really are, you will have made a good beginning. Let them demand that the perfect structure for organization be found before uniting.

"We have found over the last several centuries that nothing is more helpful to our cause, and harmful to the enemy, than getting churchmen all hepped up about church organization per se.

"So now you have a good chance to keep the Methodists and EUBs divided by getting some of these people who really are interested in church union to forget that unity is a matter of spirit and purpose and that organization is secondary. Get them to arguing that structure must come first, especially when they are concerned about renewal. This is a wonderful approach for us, because the enemy well knows that improved structures always come with renewal rather than as a cause.

"Your best work, therefore, is in getting both sides to believe that renewal comes primarily through changing structures. Since this will really get them fighting between themselves, you should push it to the limit. If you can get them to take their attention off the main problem—namely, their willingness to pray and worship and work together—you will keep them separated long enough to become disgusted with this whole business of union and accustomed once more to their separation.

"His satanic majesty is almost sure to give you a distinguished service medal if you can pull that off!"

I cannot really speak for the devil, of course, and there just could be some Screwtape fallacy in my reasoning, too. But as bishop of one of the areas that will be most deeply affected either by union or by continuing disunion, I must speak my deep convictions.

I am for union now—for the very reasons that some of these sincere ecumenists are against it.

Watering the Grass Roots

First, I believe that the faithful, persistent following-through on our present plans can and will provide the necessary grass-roots discussion which I agree is so absolutely essential to the union. A decision to delay pressing for union in 1968 would simply postpone this grass-roots dialogue. I have attempted to promote such discussion, both as a pastor in Ohio and since assignment as bishop of the Illinois Area—with not too much success.

Now that the General Conference meetings are drawing near, however, our people are really beginning to become involved with their EUB neighbors. We have plans, not only at the top echelons of leadership but also in every community and district, which will enable us to come together in worship, fellowship, and discussion to face such practical difficulties as pensions, institutions, educational standards, minimum salaries, and the union of churches into larger parishes or merged congregations.

These meetings would be difficult, almost impos-

sible, if the people on both sides were to think that their discussions were merely academic and that the union is too indefinite to be worth their time discussing it. That is just what they are likely to think if the matter is shelved in 1966.

Renewal Is a Process

Second, I am for union now, as soon as possible, because I believe that it is only through the confrontation of each other in such worship, fellowship, and often agonizing discussion looking toward union that renewal is most likely to come. For us to say that because a certain intangible thing called "renewal" has not come and we must, therefore, perpetuate our divisions and delay our action is to me the opposite of facing reality.

I am more than ever convinced that, with all its imperfections, we have an adequate, viable Plan of Union, and that renewal can be effected more readily through our worshiping and working together rather than separately. Renewal, when it comes, will come to people who are obedient to their Lord and open to each other.

Spirit First, Structure Second

Third, I believe the only way we are likely to find an adequate structure, one in which the perplexing organization problems can be worked out, is in going forward with our present plans, confidently expecting that where there is a will, there is a way. Or to put it in more specific Christian terms, where our wills unite with God's will, the Spirit is present to lead us not only in renewal but also in insights and understandings concerning structure that we could not have any other way.

As EUB Bishop Harold R. Heininger pointed out to the Regional Council of the North Central Jurisdiction: "If we want to come together, the technicalities can be worked out. Nothing can happen in the way of renewal unless our discussions are carried on in faith and with the will to unite—spiritually undergirded from start to finish."

The Necessity of Now

Fourth, the most important of all, I believe that union as soon as possible is not only a practical but a Christian necessity if we are to be true to our commitment to Christ in this generation.

Let me illustrate. There are 160 Evangelical United Brethren churches with 20,000 members inside the bounds of our Central and Southern Illinois Annual Conferences. Obviously most of these are small churches, often existing side by side with equally small Methodist churches. Some of the congregations, of course, are large enough to be effective. But we cannot wait another 5, 10, or 15 years to do something more adequate toward the union of the small, struggling ones.

Yes, we already have several unions and yoked-field arrangements among local churches. But complete unity of purpose is hindered in many of these situations by feelings of primary loyalty either to The Methodist or the EUB Church. I think this wastefully

disgraceful situation will be improved substantially when we are one people—not only in heritage, but in name, organization, and in spirit.

This same sort of situation exists, of course, for some Methodists in communities with Presbyterian, Episcopalian, United Church of Christ, and Disciples congregations, and we have helped to unite a few of these. Some kind of effective union may be farther off here, but it is also greatly to be desired. In the meanwhile, I hope that all Methodists, even those in areas where there are few or no Evangelical United Brethren, will recognize the Christlike imperative to help our two churches banish this wastefulness of administration and competition.

Tomorrow May Never Come

There are other reasons for urging union now, but these are to me the most cogent. I appeal to all who believe in the unity of Christ's church to unite in recognition of the fact of history and experience that better church structures and more adequate creedal statements are the *result* of meeting together in worship, in fellowship, and in mission, and not the *cause* of such renewal. Indeed, the two go together.

A new structure or a new creed does not make a new church. A new church will come only as the people of God unite in a will to obey the leadership of the Holy Spirit. This can happen in 1966-68 as well as 1972 or 1980, but for me and my house, *today* is the day for obedience and unity and not tomorrow only—for tomorrow never comes.

Let us go forward to union now. □



LATER...

To bring true unity, we need more time to draft a more adequate plan, insists Richard Cain, superintendent of Los Angeles District.

THIS IS THE time for Methodists to declare unequivocally that they favor union with the Evangelical United Brethren Church. The imperatives of the Gospel and the bonds of Christian brotherhood demand it. But it must be a union at every level of our common life. We must not, in a surge of goodwill and warm feelings, ignore the problems or imply that, by bypassing them now, solutions will be found later.

Those of us who raise questions and urge debate of

the present Plan of Union do so out of a profound commitment to union and to total ecumenical responsibility. Yet for some of us, the conclusion is incapable that to unite on the basis of the present Plan of Union would seriously limit the mission of the united church. An inordinate amount of skill, leadership, time, and money would be required to settle internal problems and keep the church structure functioning. We must seek a new plan that permits real union. From every level of the church should come the bases for drafting an instrument, the result of wide discussion and decision. Such a plan would permit a union in structure and belief that would bring also a unity of mission and life.

Opportunity for Involvement

Part of the continuing problem in this union, and in Methodist ecumenical relations generally, has been the tendency for discussion to be limited to national and administrative levels. Methodist-EUB negotiations offer the first opportunity to let the full energy and ability of Methodism be involved in ecumenical conversation and action. A delay of union in order to take advantage of this opportunity for involvement, rather than being a denial of ecumenism, would be the most favorable ecumenical action we could take.

The Methodist Ad Hoc Committee on Union with the EUB Church has acted with dispatch in fulfilling its mandate from the General Conference. For this the members are to be honored. Inherent in the committee's membership and methodology, however, were dynamics that have resulted in an instrument with many serious faults, neglected areas, unanswered questions, and doubtful compromises.

A committee charged with such a far-reaching task should have been more fully representative of the church, thus more sensitive to its constituency, more open to its developing mission. This group of dedicated, effective men and women consists of five bishops, seven national board secretaries, three deans of theological schools, two laymen connected with no church agency, and only one local-church pastor—hardly a broadly representative group. Most of the consultants who helped to frame the plan were also "professional churchmen," not local-church personnel.

By the nature of their responsibilities and involvements in the existing upper echelons of church life and administration, a majority of commissioners and their advisers were not at liberty to seek union in any other way than through structure and administration. Important as this must be, it provides for little change or growth in the uniting churches. Rather, it demands that existing structure be protected and that the goal be skillful accommodation and compromise. This can never permit emergence of a new church; instead, it requires a patchwork of what was in the former two.

It is clear why the methodology of compromise was adopted; there simply was no alternative. Committee members had too little time to accomplish their task; they were beset with their own individual pressing responsibilities; and they were not supported by a churchwide study and reference procedure. We can honor this committee most by taking their plan, not



Negotiators of the two churches have worked in joint sessions, like this one, and in 17 subcommittees.

as the basis for union, but as the first step in our involvement to find a more relevant plan.

Areas of Concern

Many portions of the plan need careful study and decision to determine what the proposed new church actually would be like. Here are areas of concern which indicate problems that have not been solved:

- 1. *Doctrinal Statements.* The present plan of Union would establish *both* the Methodist Articles of Religion and the Confession of Faith of the Evangelical United Brethren Church as the basis of faith in the new church. If these two statements are compatible and uncontradictory, as has been claimed, then why not combine them? If they are different in emphasis and thus in conclusions, as many would hold, why not insist on a new document worthy of a new church?

- 2. *Racial Segregation.* The present Plan of Union eliminates the Central (Negro) Jurisdiction while retaining the jurisdictional structure. Did the committee seriously evaluate the jurisdictional idea, introduced by another union, as to its usefulness, its ability to promote unity, and its suitability for the church today?

More serious, the Plan of Union does not forbid racially segregated annual conferences. An introductory statement to the plan lamentably states, "Your commissioners hope, and believe, that ways and means will be found for accomplishing this second step [elimination of racial conferences] on a *voluntary* [italics mine] basis and that forcing the issue by constitutional enactment will not be necessary."

In light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the experience in our civil life, and the struggles of The Methodist Church since 1939, how can this committee suggest that the new church begin life with a principle of voluntarism on such a fundamental fact of the Gospel? However skillful this appeal may be politically, it is a dreadful position for a church of Jesus Christ.

- 3. *The 12-Year Rule.* The present Plan of Union, realistically judged, would permit the EUB Church and The Methodist Church to continue for 12 years as separate entities. This fact is inherent in the following provisions:

- a) Regardless of their size, annual conferences could not have their names or boundaries changed during the first 12 years without their consent. This could result in continuing overlapping annual conferences, duplicated structures, severely complicated administrative life. Could there be any result except constant sources of friction, unhappiness, and irritation? Where is the union we seek?

- b) For 12 years, "in order that the EUB Church shall be assured of effective representation in The United Methodist Church," says the plan, EUB representation on all boards and agencies and membership in the General and Jurisdictional Conferences would be double their proportionate numerical strength. This negates any idea that our churches are truly finding unity. Rather, it continues all the symbols and realities of our present separation. Elections would have to take into consideration the candidates' former status; the EUB minority position would be emphasized as former disunity was remembered and preserved; administration would be unduly complicated.

What other church union ever began with an assumption that the heritage and contributions of the constituent churches would be remembered and honored only through a legalistic, protectionist clause? This implies a lack of trust that makes mockery of union. Segregation based on ecclesiastical origin is no more defensible than that based on race.

- 4. *The Name.* The present Plan of Union provides that the name of the new church will be The United Methodist Church. Logically, one would assume that this is the name by which we are to be known. But the Constitution adds, "In other than legal

documents, the name The Methodist Church may be used." Such a suggestion smacks of deception.

Two reasons are given by the commissioners for the official name: First, "Many EUBs have felt a change of name important to demonstrate a union rather than an absorption." But what do we demonstrate when we suggest that the name which symbolizes union need not be used? Second, say the planners, the name The Methodist Church, "would not be legally available everywhere." But they actually list only three countries—Canada, Sierra Leone, and Nigeria—where this requirement would have to be met. The plan specifically gives permission for the name to be translated freely into other languages. It might just as well have given permission, too, for adding or subtracting from the name anywhere this is necessary.

The committee dismisses the action of our 1964 General Conference (which specified its desire to retain the name The Methodist Church) as a "straw vote." Perhaps it was. But I am at least one delegate who felt the actions of the General Conference affecting its agencies were meant to be obeyed. The proposed compromise of a legal name that we are told we need not use is a morally embarrassing position.

- 5. *Social Issues.* Both Methodists and EUBs have notable records in social action and witness. Certain positions indicated in the Plan of Union, however, deserve careful scrutiny. I refer particularly to two inheritances from the present Evangelical United Brethren Basic Beliefs Regarding Social Issues.

The first says, "Strict censorship of motion pictures in order to protect society from evident evils is advocated." Censorship is rarely a good means to achieve desirable ends. Is the united church to devote particular efforts to such a campaign for censorship?

The second statement says, "The church does not sanction nor condone divorce except on grounds of adultery." Can this position be defended on any but rudimentary "proof texting"? It would seem to deny the spirit and attitude of the Lord of the church as seen in the Gospels. It certainly runs counter to the attitude of the church in vast sections of its life.

Time Is Too Short

This discussion does not exhaust the areas of concern that should be raised in considering the proposed Plan of Union. It does, I hope, indicate the need for much more extensive involvement by many more people before any plan is presented for action. The time remaining before the General Conference of 1966 does not permit this. That fact alone, I believe, is reason enough to oppose the present Plan of Union.

Let me repeat that my opposition to this plan is not opposition to the idea of uniting The Methodist and EUB Churches. They should be together. But their union should solve problems, not postpone them. It should further the ecumenical involvement and contributions of each, not seriously impair the ability of the united church to move vigorously in further union discussions. It should be the sort of plan that commands enthusiastic support by huge majorities of both churches, not one that inculcates apathy and indifference due to lack of involvement.

From devotion to the cause of union of these and other churches, I propose that the General Conference be urged to:

1. Endorse with an overwhelming vote the principle of union with the Evangelical United Brethren Church as soon as realistically possible.

2. Receive with appreciation, for the pioneering work done, the present Plan of Union but reject it as a suitable basis for achieving union.

3. Establish a new Methodist Ad Hoc Committee on Union with the EUBs, to be composed of two laymen, two ministers, one bishop from each jurisdiction, and six theologians at large. Staff personnel of general church agencies could act as nonvoting consultants.

4. Charge this new Ad Hoc Committee to report to the church at regular intervals on the problems and possible solutions involved in union; encourage study of the union on every level, particularly by the annual conferences; and call for the results of this study to be used in the committee's search for solutions.

5. Direct that the primary basis for a new Plan of Union be the creation of a *new* church that is theologically, sociologically, and institutionally relevant to this day.

6. Direct the Ad Hoc Committee to report to *each* session of the Council of Bishops and the Commission on Ecumenical Affairs *all* aspects of its work, and require that any papers offered as a result of the reports be a part of the working papers for the negotiators.

7. Urge the Joint Methodist-EUB Commission to work with consistent dispatch, but leave selection of the date for presentation of a completed plan to the judgment of the joint commission. □

Materials for Study

Less than six months remain before General Conferences of The Methodist Church and the Evangelical United Brethren Church meet in Chicago to vote on proposed union of the two denominations. Local churches have been urged to use summer and fall months to familiarize themselves with the plan. Study materials available from Cokesbury Book Stores and Regional Service Centers include:

1. *Our Churches Face Union*, a 62-page paperback book on history, beliefs, organizational structure, and other facts about the two churches, along with questions and answers on the proposed union. Copies are 35¢ each or \$3 a dozen; leader's guide, 10¢.

2. *One Heritage! One Mission! One Church?* is a film-strip-phonograph record kit which is sold with eight copies of *Our Churches Face Union* and a leader's guide at a package price of \$4.95. All district superintendents already have received one kit.

3. *The Plan of Union* is the complete text of the document which would provide the basis for the new church's *Discipline*. Priced at \$4, it is absorbing reading for those interested in details.—EDITORS



No sooner had José been shown around the house than he and the boys collected baseball gear and went outside. Before long, a neighbor boy had joined in the game.

JOSE From the 'Other' America

By NELLE McCLENAHAN

I WOKE with the same nervous flutter in my stomach I used to have before a tough college exam or an important date. But with my husband asleep in the next bed and our three offspring still not disturbing the peace of the morning, I knew that neither of these crises was causing my pangs.

So what was it?

Then I remembered: *the boy*.

We were about to involve ourselves a bit deeper in our concern for social justice. We had been lucky, we knew, but not so "our" boy, who was to be our houseguest for two weeks, and about whom we knew so little. Our only information, in fact, was that he would be between the ages of 9 and 11,

that he lived in a depressed area of the city, and that very likely he would be black.

Our Chicago suburb, which has a median income of \$11,400 and sends 95 percent of its high-school graduates on to college, has only two Negro families, residents of many years who inherited property from the white folks who used to

employ them. Today, the Negroes who would like to buy property in the community find no local real-estate broker to deal with.

Reflecting on these things, I began to have some misgivings about what we were going to undertake. But I also remained unshaken in my conviction that this was a good thing we were going to do, and that we would do our best.

Our guest, with other youngsters like him, was coming from the city by auto, and was due to arrive at the sponsoring church at about 11 a.m. My husband, Don, our three children, and I arrived just before 11 and spotted a list on the church bulletin board. It matched the names of families with their guests, and opposite our name we read: José Luis Martinez, age 11.

I admit I was relieved. The name indicated Spanish ancestry, a lighter complexion, and easier responsibility. Besides, I rationalized, two of our children were studying Spanish in school, and this would be a wonderful opportunity for them.

Cars began to arrive, and youngsters wearing large name tags piled out, were claimed, and disappeared in other cars. Most of the children looked younger than 11. Then a taller boy emerged from the crowd, and I nudged my family forward to read his name. I was sure this was not our charge. He was too dark.

Yet a few seconds later I was saying to him: "Hello, José! We feel so lucky to have you!" We drove him home to our tree-lined street with the large lawns, the colonial-style houses, and the neighbors I hoped were as fine as I had always thought them to be.

The project which had brought this new experience into our lives was called "Friendly Town." Planned by an interdenominational organization called the Chicago City Missionary Society, its purpose was to give children from the city's depressed areas a two-week vacation in the suburbs. Perhaps the visit would plant a seed which later might mean the difference between graduating from high school or dropping out, or between raising a decent family or adding to the illegitimate birth rate. But results

like that were not guaranteed; the immediate goal was simply to provide a vacation for youngsters who otherwise would have none.

José was a Puerto Rican of African ancestry. His skin was dark and his hair woolly. His features were handsome and sharp, as was his wit. He had an athletic build. My son, greatly impressed, confided that he knew José could beat him up: "He knows jujitsu!" He had played baseball on some sort of team and swam regularly in the YMCA pool. His humor was volatile, and he would laugh uproariously at things which struck him as funny.

After listening to him bang on our piano as long as I could stand it, I offered my own services at the keyboard. Except for *America*, my music library produced nothing that was familiar to him, but he developed a quick preference for two songs which required encore after encore. One was *Little Brown Jug*, and the other was a Western song called *Ol' Texas*, which had the rhythmic beat of horses' hooves. He would literally howl with joy over these tunes.

Our son, Dick, was his age, 11. Our daughter Lynn was 12, and Patti was 7. Dick realized that the hosting duties were mainly his, and he assumed his responsibilities immediately. After a tour of the house and an introduction to our Schnauzer, Willie (José always called him Woolie), the boys put on baseball mitts and proceeded outdoors. Soon a neighbor boy joined their game.

Don set about his usual Saturday chores, that day involving the erection of some fence in the backyard. Pretty soon I heard a loud voice shouting: "Hey, Dad! This way! Hey, Dad! Is this hole deep enough? Hey, Dad . . ." José had joined the family.

Don was gone four nights on a business trip and called one night from Los Angeles. José grabbed the phone, shouting loud enough to cover the distance with his voice: "Dad! Is that you, Dad? Where are you? How much it cost to call? When you coming home? Yeah . . . yeah . . . yeah. OK." Finally I regained the telephone.

One of my chief concerns was

how our neighbors would react to our guest. I did not particularly care whether or not they were thrilled with what we were doing; I just hoped for no unpleasantness.

Most of them were wonderful. Dick and José were invited on sleeping-bag overnights twice, and almost all the children in the neighborhood treated José like a celebrity. However, one woman on our street sells real estate, and two of the houses in our block were for sale. She informed the owners that she would not attempt to show these houses while José was around. "I could explain why he's here," she said, "but prospects wonder about living near such liberals."

Another question was the fairly exclusive private swim club to which we belong. It was not a country club, but it does have 12 tennis courts and a lovely pool, and the tab is fairly high. We had belonged only a year, and my acquaintance among the members was not wide. This was where we swam, however, and since José was our guest we thought he should swim there, too.

He did, at least eight times. There were some curious looks, and we brought at least one tennis game to a stunned halt as we walked past the courts, but no one said or did anything much out of the ordinary. In fact, several women I had not met before asked me interested questions and offered their good wishes.

José did, indeed, speak Spanish, and we tried to speak it back. We were terrible, of course, and he found our efforts sidesplitting.

When you take a youngster into your home for two weeks, there always are some problems. Things would not have gone smoothly every minute, of course, if it had been a nephew. Nor are things constantly serene among our children.

Much as José liked sports, he liked them for the purpose of winning. He was an excellent baseball player, and consequently adored the game. Not so badminton, which was new to him. He kept changing the boundaries to allow for his poor shots, and when Dick objected, José called him a cheater and threw his racket to the ground. More than once Dick complained

to me that José was a rotten sport.

The beach towels in our house belong to nobody in particular, but José became attached to the one that was in the best condition, and when Dick draped it over his shoulders on our way to swim, José demanded it. Dick disagreed, explaining it was first come, first served. José sulked for an hour.

We did our best to explain to our children why José was a poor sport, and grabby and selfish. Where he lived, we told them, families sometimes had barely enough to eat, and children had few toys to play with. It was understandable that José thought if he were to have anything he had to grab for it and hang on. And winning at games was the only way he could prove he was as good as somebody else. Dick understood, but still he did not like it.

There was one particularly bad night toward the end of José's visit. We all had just come from a picnic arranged by the youth group of the sponsoring church. It was fairly late, and we were all tired. Dick went upstairs to use the only shower, and I drew a warm tub for José in the other bathroom. But when I suggested he use it, he refused: "I wanta take a shower!"

"Tomorrow night you can take a shower, but I have a tub ready for you tonight."

"No, I don't wanta!"

My husband joined the conversation, and the argument was repeated. A mailing from the City Missionary Society had instructed us that these children should be treated just as we treated our own children, and that included discipline. So after more refusals from José, Don took the boy by the arm and marched him upstairs.

José fought every step. He twisted and hit and, worst of all, he began screaming. He screamed that we did not like him any more, and that he wanted his mama. Then he broke away and dashed out the front door.

The girls were in tears, and Dick announced it was all his fault, that he should have given José the shower. We urged them into bed, promising that José would come back. Then we looked at each other. Why had we forced this silly



"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"

—JOHN WESLEY

As my seven-year-old daughter was playing one evening, she looked up intently and said, "Mother, I'm not sure I want to go to heaven." Since she is a minister's daughter, I was startled at this unusual attitude.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "all they ever play up there is church music, and I couldn't hear the Beatles sing!"

—MRS. RICHARD D. CLARK, Vincennes, Ind.

Just as the minister began his sermon by announcing his subject as "What Shall We Do to Be Saved?" a loud voice echoed from the rear of the congregation:

"Make a run for it, the church is on fire!"

It was, and they did; so no one found out that day what the preacher's answer was to have been.

—MRS. JOHN DOLL, Rocky Ford, Colo.

Entering the kindergarten room at church on Christmas morning, we were all dismayed to find part of the plaster ceiling caving in. All, that is, except six-year-old Missy. She clapped her hands in glee and reasoned, "The reindeer danced too hard on the roof last night!"

—MRS. JAC RUSSLER, Huntsville, Ala.

My father was preaching in his small country church a few years ago using the Ten Commandments as his text. He illustrated "You shall not covet . . ." by saying, "To covet is to wish you were driving your neighbor's brand-new car, when yours has 50,000 miles on it."

A few hours later, Father's car broke down and he arrived at the church for an afternoon meeting driving, not the old car he'd driven 50,000 miles, but his neighbor's brand-new car!

—KATHLEEN MOORE, Killduff, Iowa

The program showed lack of preparation and was a disappointment. I was only half listening toward the end as two 12-year-olds struggled through a too-high arrangement of Psalm 51.

Suddenly, my apathy changed to glee. From a hand-copied version which they held in their hands, these adolescents nervously sang, "Restore unto us the joy of our transgressions!"

—RUTH PETERMAN, Minneapolis, Minn.

Following a sumptuous holiday dinner, a Methodist minister's wife found her little Jimmy in the kitchen fixing up a full plate of turkey with all the trimmings. Knowing that he had eaten, she was puzzled.

"Who is that for, Jimmy?" she asked.

"Prince," he replied, indicating the eagerly awaiting puppy.

"No, Jimmy. A collection of scraps will be good enough for Prince."

Jimmy collected some scraps and put them in front of Prince, saying apologetically, "Prince, I had an offering for you but Mother made me take up a collection."

—JOSEPH S. FLEMING, Half Moon Bay, Calif.

A church in Santa Barbara stopped buying from its regular office-supply house when, after ordering small pencils to be placed in the pews, it received golf pencils, each clearly marked: "Play Golf Next Sunday!"

—MRS. CLINTON KRAUS, Washington, D.C.

When our preschool youngster's uncle agreed to speak at a youth rally, his picture was prominently displayed on several posters in our church.

One Sunday, we noted our son studying one of the posters. We waited for some comment, but none came. Finally, on the way home, he turned to me and said with great concern:

"Mama, I think Uncle Jerry is wanted, dead or alive!"

—MRS. REX CAMPBELL, Canesville, Mo.

What's your favorite church-related chuckle? It's worth \$5 if it makes our editors laugh and we haven't used it before. Sorry, but we can't return those not accepted, so no postage.—EDITORS

issue? Probably we had ruined the successes of the last 10 days. Actually, as one of my neighbors diagnosed later, José was due to go home in two days and anything could have touched off the outburst.

After a search, Don found him crouched in some bushes about a block away—but when José realized he was discovered, he tore off into the darkness. Don came back to the house, put the leash on Willie, and took him outside. They walked around the house, and on our patio steps was a huddled figure.

José came inside then, threw himself down on the davenport with his face to the wall, and cried. Nothing we could say would stop him, and finally we went to bed. We must have tiptoed downstairs a dozen times, though, to check him. He fell asleep and was still there in the morning.

He was just wakening when I came down to fix breakfast, and I tried to begin the day as if there had been nothing unusual. José turned down my offer to fix his eggs, however, and the next thing I knew he had gone upstairs to the bathroom. I heard water running and splashing. Then he came downstairs and proceeded out the door. In a minute, our power lawn mower was roaring, and José was striding determinedly behind it. An hour later he was in the kitchen announcing that the lawn was finished and he was ready to eat.

As I was thanking him for a good job on the grass, the phone rang. It was Don, and José demanded the phone. "Dad? Hi, Dad! I mowed the lawn! Yeah! Good job, Mom said so! Can I have the shoes? Yeah. OK. G'bye."

He turned to me: "Yesterday Dad told me if I mowed the grass, he'd pay me. I didn't want any money, but he said he'd get me some new shoes. You're supposed to take me."

We bought the shoes—gym shoes—to replace the ones with the curled toes and frayed soles he had come with. And he went home with new trousers donated by a friend whose son had outgrown them, a new shirt, a game our children had played, and several

plastic models he had put together.

On the drive home, José sat possessively in the middle of the front seat between Don and me, with Lynn, Dick, and Patti in the back. We left the expressway after 20 minutes and proceeded down Western Avenue, a wide street with storefronts on either side, crowded with traffic, bereft of grass or tree.

Suddenly José announced: "There's my school!" We looked at the square, brown-brick building with windows taped where glass was broken, in which somebody tries to teach José that life is worthwhile, that democracy is best, and that reading, writing, and modern math are important even if you live in the jungle of city pavements.

FOUR blocks later he pointed to a green-shaded window two stories above a dry-cleaning shop.

Although he had hinted he did not want us to see where he lived, he now instructed us to go around the block and park in an alley behind the building.

The back of the building looked like propaganda for urban renewal. José beckoned us to follow, and we mounted rickety outside steps which snaked back and forth, passing various levels of doors and windows that seemed to overflow with dark-skinned children.

When we reached the top landing, our little host told us to wait. He went in alone, and a moment later we heard a whoop of joy and a burst of Spanish.

Soon we were invited inside. His sister, plump and pretty, welcomed us in English. His mother, pleasant and matronly, with her graying hair twisted into a knot at the back of her neck, nodded and beamed. Her smile revealed several missing teeth.

We were led through the kitchen, past a table laden with raw chicken necks, into the tiny living room where we were urged to sit on shabby, overstuffed furniture.

It was a clean, colorful room with worn linoleum on the floor, starched crocheted doilies under the lamps, and tinted family photographs on the wall. A "No Fumo" (no smoking) sign in stark black

and white was tucked in the frame of one large picture.

Señora Martinez was quick to point out the wedding picture of herself and her husband, obviously wanting us to know that there had been a father for this family.

We chatted briefly, and finally stood up to leave. Dick and Lynn shook hands with José, as did Don. I kissed him on the forehead, and then he bent down and kissed our Patti. This was unexpected, since he had spent a good part of the two weeks teasing her unmercifully. We promised to invite the family out for dinner sometime in the fall, and climbed down the stairs. José hung over the railing shouting: "Good-bye, good-bye, adiós!"

I am not sure what long-range benefits his experience will leave with José. We hope he will finish high school, as he promised us. We hope the games we played, the conversations we had, and the good times in general will someday be echoed in his own family.

We do not believe, as some of our friends suggested, that the experience will hurt him because he can never hope to rise to such heights of good living. He may not better his lot that much, but it is not impossible that he can. Others have. Primarily, we are sure he had a wonderful time.

The experience did many things for us. It was the first time we had ever *really* done something for somebody else. It was good for us to adjust our comfortable, narrow lives to someone from another kind of life. It was broadening for our children to live with a Spanish-American and then to see where he lived. They appreciate their own good fortune more than they ever did before, and they know they have a bond with those who are less fortunate.

The self-discipline it required to solve the problems and the little bit of courage it took to take an unknown guest into our home have, I hope, made all of us people of slightly more value.

We will think of José often and if, in later years, we do not know what he is doing, we will always wonder. Perhaps the bit of our lives that he shared will add something worthwhile to his own. □

Methodist Landmarks in Our National Parks

*Francis Asbury Statue, Washington:
At 16th and Mount Pleasant Streets, N.W.,
in the nation's capital, it honors
the amazing career of America's
pioneer Methodist bishop.*



AMERICA PRESERVES numerous segments of its unspoiled self in a national park system covering more than 22 million acres in almost every section of the land. What has been saved (in some cases, in the nick of time) is scenic, geologic, zoological, and botanical. More than that, many treasured places remind us of the men, women, and events that shaped the nation's heritage and strength.

Because Americans have the urge to stand in the presence of their own wonders, whether natural or man-made, more than 80 million guests are expected in more than 180 units of our national park system this year. It is an almost instinctive call, an inner voice that is strongest when the spring-summer equinox passes and the land is green.

Some of us will go in an effort to "get away from it all." Others will want to relive the glorious or tragic moments of the past—a past that may speak of war or peace, of countryside as virgin as it was beyond the memory of man, or of some contribution vital to our civilization.

It is only natural for Methodists to associate many of these revered lands and structures with the early church and its leaders. And the connection is valid, for it is hard to find any place where Methodism was not an early arrival and a powerful influence—whether along a wilderness trail, a seashore, a mountain fastness, or even in the depths of a great cave [see next page]. Methodism was simply that kind of a church, and Methodists that kind of people.



Shiloh: For two days in April, 1862, war thundered around a little Methodist church in Tennessee as North and South counted thousands of dead near Bloody Pond and Sunken Road. A reconstructed church broods there today.

Great Smoky Mountains: Skirting this vast national park is a rugged 23-mile trail used by Bishop Asbury between North Carolina and Tennessee. Scouts hazard it today to win the coveted Asbury Trail Award.



Fort Pulaski, Ga.: Brick and limestone, topped by a cross, mark the spot near Savannah where John Wesley landed in 1736 as missionary to the Indians. It is now part of the 5,364-acre national monument on Cockspur Island.



THE FOLLOWING words are among those engraved at the base of Bishop Francis Asbury's bronze equestrian statue shown on the preceding page:

"His continuous journeying through cities, villages, and settlements from 1771 to 1816 greatly promoted patriotism, education, morality, and religion in the American Republic."

Just the same, a lifeless statue in the midst of a busy world capital is a far cry from miles of living wilderness at the edge of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. No monument or statue could be a more fitting memorial to the pioneer Methodist bishop than this stretch of trail in

the lost world of the Smokies. Anyone who spends a day on Asbury Trail needs no stronger clue to the magnitude of the work required to bring the message of Christ to frontier America.

Since the church is so closely woven into the fabric of American history, it has become inseparable from the nation's past and present. Even the obscure Georgia island where John Wesley landed on American soil is included in the Fort Pulaski National Monument, named for the massive brick and masonry fortification breached by the rifled cannon of Union forces in 1862.

That same year, Shiloh Methodist Church just happened



Mammoth Cave: During the War of 1812 there was Methodist preaching here to slaves mining nitrate for gunpowder.

to stand where Confederate General Albert Sidney Johnston and Union General Ulysses S. Grant chose to send their armies together in disastrous conflict. Today, silent cannon and historical markers dot the gently rolling greenery beside the Tennessee River; and Shiloh is burial place, too, for Union soldiers, most unidentified, who rest in Shiloh National Cemetery, and for Confederates who lie, unnamed, in five large trenches.

Few who enter the labyrinthine depths of Mammoth Cave know that one room became known as "Methodist Church." This section, a natural stage some 100 feet across and 65 feet from floor to ceiling, is listed on the cave map

as "Booth's Amphitheater." But no theatrical productions were seen here by slaves who labored to remove nitrate used in making gunpowder for the War of 1812.

Who would care for the souls of men lost in a fearsome pit beneath a wild Kentucky landscape? Who, indeed, but a Methodist circuit rider? So it was that for a time, Mammoth Cave became a church. En route to the "sanctuary" about 500 feet from the original entrance, one passes the old wood saltpeter pipes, and sees the 154-year-old cart tracks. On one side is a natural speaker's rostrum which must have been used as a pulpit whenever the circuit rider came that way, and stopped to preach.



NATCHEZ TRACE meanders to the southwest from Nashville, Tenn., crosses the northwest corner of Alabama, and ends at antebellum Natchez on the Mississippi River. In the 18th century, it was the general route of French traders and missionaries, but the traffic was reversed early in the 19th century, and Natchez Trace became a passage for soldiers, adventurers, settlers, and, inevitably, circuit riders. Appropriately, the latter's image appears on Natchez Trace Parkway signs pointing out places of historic and prehistoric interest along the way.

The old Oregon Trail, used by pioneers between 1843 and 1869, winds through Scotts Bluff National Monument, Nebr., where one may still see the deeply worn ruts left by the wagon trains. Here, where a sandstone eminence towers 750 feet above the valley of the North Platte River, was a favorite camping ground for the emigrants.

Almost 10 years before the Oregon Trail came into extensive use, however, Methodism had sent its "Prophet of the New Oregon" that way. He was Jason Lee, who, on Sunday, July 27, 1834, preached the first Protestant sermon west of the Rockies.

—H. B. TEETER

Natchez Trace: Arrowhead and circuit rider symbolize both the origin and the history of the old Indian trail running 450 miles from Nashville to the Mississippi River at Natchez.

Scotts Bluff, Nebr.: Before these wagon ruts were worn deep in the Oregon Trail, Methodist pioneer Jason Lee passed near what is now a national monument on his way to a missionary post in the Pacific Northwest.





On this wild and lonely stretch of surf-laced beach, Hatteras Lighthouse is the only permanent landmark in sight.

Methodist traditions mix with nature and history on...

Carolina's Shining Outer Banks



EVERY SUNDAY morning, as seabirds bank and dip toward the foaming surf along North Carolina's Outer Banks, Methodist church bells ring out across miles of shining strand.

At one small church on lonely Portsmouth Island, Henry Pigott rings the bell every Sunday promptly at 10 and keeps the church spotless—though no services have been held there for the island's four residents—all Methodists—for 20 years. It is different to the north, where Cape Hatteras National Seashore begins its 70-mile run of free beaches, sand, surf, and sun across Ocracoke and Hatteras Islands up to Nags Head, N.C. Six churches continue to serve Hatteras residents and the mounting stream of tourists who come each year to the once-isolated barrier islands, now a part of the National Park Service.

Sunset gives benediction to another day as a cape fisherman cleans his catch.



A replica of the biplane flown by the Wright brothers is displayed at the Kitty Hawk visitor center. A memorial to the air pioneers tops the background hill.

For generations, churches such as Fair Haven Methodist (left) have survived storms, isolation, and sands as shifting as those that the park service now anchors with grass plantings (right).



SINCE Cape Hatteras National Seashore was established in 1953, outsiders have had increasingly easy access to awesome solitudes, unspoiled grandeur, and 381 years of history on the barrier islands.

Roanoke Island, in the shelter of the Outer Banks, was home of the Lost Colony and of Virginia Dare, first child of English parentage born in America. To the northeast is Kitty Hawk, where the Wright brothers took man's first powered flight 63 years ago. The notorious pirate, Blackbeard, haunted these beaches, and was killed here. The iron-clad *Monitor* went down in nearby waters; and during World War II, German submarines took their grim toll of



With free bridges across the sound from North Carolina, vacationers flock to set up their tents on more than 700 campsites provided by the National Park Service.

Where bridges are not built, boats are available. Aboard the free ferry from Hatteras to Ocracoke Island, passengers feed gulls that flock around the stern.

ships and men within sight of shore.

Cape Hatteras folk greet tourists in the summer, fish in the off-season, and speak with a trace of the Elizabethan tongue. Like mountain people, they were cut off from the world—cut off, that is, from almost everyone but the circuit riders who left their horses ashore and rowed over to preach. The islands remain predominantly Methodist to this day.

Total membership in six active churches on the cape is near 700, says the Rev. Henry G. Ruark, district superintendent. "And if anything," he says, "these fine folk are more ardent Methodists than their more numerous counterparts ashore."



HATTERAS Lighthouse, tallest in the U.S., surveys an ever-changing, always dramatic scene. The barrier islands themselves, built by a combination of wave action, currents, and winds, continue to be resculpted by the same relentless forces. A few miles out to sea, treacherous shoals await the unwary navigator; here, too, the warm Gulf Stream collides with colder Atlantic water, and sudden storms are brewed in skies often dominated by towering, ever-shifting masses of brooding clouds. Little wonder, then, that this geologic marvel, steeped in rich history and romantic legend, has such unique appeal to residents and vacationers alike.

—H. B. TEETER





This scene has been repeated in scores of villages controlled by the Viet Cong, who can be rooted out only in direct military attack by Allied forces.

The Other Face of War

Behind, sometimes between, the battle lines in Viet Nam stream the primary victims of war—innocent civilians who have lost homes, fields, even families. This firsthand report tells their plight, and of the miracles being wrought in their behalf by dedicated U.S. civilian relief workers.

By JAMES A. GITTINGS, U.S. Fraternal Worker, United Church of Christ in Japan

ALL season long, the warm winds had blown across the rice fields in a remote valley northeast of Saigon. At first it swept lightly over shoots newly set in water by village wives. Then it ruffled shin-high young plants. Now, at last, the heads of a mature crop bent in wavelike motion.

Villagers had waited patiently for this week of harvest. Family by family, day by day, they had reckoned the amount of rice each would have to eat and to sell in the coming months. They did not know that men in the aircraft periodically circling over the village also watched the rice.

One morning, as farmers walked toward their harvest, the pilot brought his plane down low and sprayed the fields with fire. Again the wind danced over the rice, until nothing remained. Empty eyed, the farmers considered what to do.

Next day, fearful of hunger and of Viet Cong rage for failing to meet their rice assessment, they led their families to the nearest town. They had become refugees.

This sketch is a composite of many incidents rather than a report of one. Unpleasant as it is, its full meaning is not apparent until after a visit to the Saigon offices of the Agency for International Development (AID), part of the U.S. foreign aid program [see *Foreign Aid's Quiet Success*, January, page 62]. There I saw a photograph of an American doctor, Martin Funk, his face shadowed with compassion as he spoke with refugee patients. This portrait of mercy-at-work was marred by one detail: a holstered pistol at his belt, recommended by local police because he also attended Viet Cong prisoners.

In this peculiar war, any American serving in a nonmilitary capacity wears a pistol at least figuratively, if only occasionally in fact. For whether he chooses to be or

not, he is an intrinsic part of the counterinsurgency effort. A nation that hopes to save, heal, teach, and build also engages in bombing, burning, maiming, and killing. Similarly, those of its citizens who intend only to engage in humanitarian services find themselves and their services important weapons in this ambivalent war.

That truism provides a focus from which to look at South Viet Nam's refugees. Early this year, the total of those who had "fled from communism" in the country was estimated at 750,000. That total has soared higher since hostilities resumed after the New Year truce.

Today's refugees are a "second crop" in Viet Nam. Once before—at the end of the French-Indochinese War in 1954—the country reeled under a massive influx of dispossessed and ravaged people. Numbering nearly 1 million in a country of 16 million, these were beyond question refugees from communism in that they "voted with their feet" against living in Ho

An Interchurch Feature also appearing in *Presbyterian Life* (United Presbyterian Church) and *Church and Home* (Evangelical United Brethren Church).—YOUR EDITORS

Chi Minh's northern sector. Somehow South Viet Nam absorbed them after a three year relief effort aided by Protestant agencies.

Today's refugees are not "refugees from communism" in quite the same way. It is true that Viet Cong barbarities, committed in attempts to establish control over villages, are beyond belief. Most peasants, however, have done as they have always done—remained at home and obeyed, if reluctantly, the warlord whose gun is closest at hand.

What has set tens of thousands of peasants in motion today are efforts to root out the Viet Cong from areas in which they were entrenched. When the Viet Cong, having gained control, use a village as a base from which to block regional roads or attack military units, the entire village—including the innocent as well as the gun-toting Viet Cong—probably will be attacked. Often prior warning is given, but a day often comes when crops and homes are gone.

The peasants then strike out for the cities or, as is increasingly likely, are transported to nearby refugee camps by the military. These are mass moves. Their immediate cause is not Viet Cong terror, but the counterpunch to it provided by a considerably more modern war machine stamped "made in Cleveland."

The distribution of refugees underscores these comments. At the end of 1965, the large majority of homeless people—more than 450,000—were gathered in military regions I and II, north of Saigon. These areas were the theater for the heaviest American military activity of 1965. In regions III and IV (Saigon and the Delta), refugee numbers are smaller, but officials are bracing themselves for the day when the Vietnamese-American counterinsurgency offensive rolls south and westward toward areas of Viet Cong concentration along the Cambodian frontier. Then a new flood of refugees will come from that sector.

Meanwhile, the refugees jam the camps. A few have a little understanding of what is happening to them and to their country. Most do not. Therefore, and increasingly, American voluntary service people

and AID personnel work with Vietnamese who have reason, in an immediate and unsophisticated review of their situation, to hate the guts of those who hope to help them. After all, these volunteers are American. Whatever the merits of the war, it was *their* plane, *their* soldier, or *their* ship, that burned or shot up the village—and maybe killed that little girl along the canal.

SUCH a line is not pleasant to write, even for a man—this writer—who favors American military involvement in Viet Nam and is in accord with most military measures taken to date. But the point is labored to destroy the delusion that giving aid to Vietnamese refugees is a nice, pleasant gesture a man does not have to make, a gesture reflecting goodness of heart. It is nothing of the sort. Many Vietnamese refugees became wanderers *at our hands*. So, in order to bear the man one sees in the mirror, we *must* continue this help.

Down canals, up Delta roads, and over mountain trails come the refugees. Often they have not had to travel far, for many refugees huddle together within a crow's-eye view of former homes and fields. Over their shoulders dangle a few belongings. In their arms, sometimes, are wounded—a child hit by shrapnel from an exploding mine or grenade, a half-dead village elder with whom the Viet Cong have "toyed" as an example to others. Waiting for the refugees as they queue up are two groups who illustrate the light and shadow of the AID effort in a dramatic way: the police and the medics.

The police are trained by United States AID officials in a network of provincial training schools. In each district headquarters, an AID public-safety adviser is resident. South Viet Nam's police are tough, increasingly efficient, and sometimes rough. Their purpose in the refugee camp is to screen new arrivals, to remove Viet Cong "plants" among them, and to issue the identity cards so necessary to the country's security and its planning.

While this job is underway, the medics are already moving among the new people. A great many are

AID personnel. Others are Army medical men, especially in the north. A few are Roman Catholic, Baptist, or Christian and Missionary Alliance missionaries. Some are not American at all—for example, members of the surgical teams rotated to Viet Nam by Australia's large teaching hospitals.

Whoever they are, the medical and surgical people do what they can. Their work also reflects the double nature of the Viet Nam struggle. One moment they stitch a harelip; the next they treat a gunshot wound. But they are limited by shortages of power, equipment, and personnel. Diseases of the eyes are common, but there are no eye surgeons. Except for the staff at a 135-bed children's hospital in Saigon, plastic and reconstructive surgeons are nonexistent in a country that, at the beginning of this year, was estimated to contain 10,000 amputees and hundreds of severe burn cases.

But now the refugees have identity cards, the wounded have been treated, and the ill given medicines. Camp life settles into rhythm, and refugees learn who is responsible for their welfare.

Though the camps may be operated by religious groups or public organizations, the first responsibility for the refugees' welfare rests upon the government of South Viet Nam's ministry for social welfare. The ministry grants each refugee man, woman, and child an allowance of seven piasters (approximately 3½¢) a day for the first 30 days. At the expiration of that time the allowance ceases, a rule reflecting both the ministry's desire that refugees resettle promptly and the limits of its resources. In practice, most refugees remain in the camps after the 30-day period.

The problem lies in finding adequate lands or jobs for the uprooted villagers and farmers. When and if these turn up, the ministry for rural reconstruction steps in and offers each family unit of five members a grant of 30,000 piasters (about \$150) toward the cost of housing and a six-months supply of rice or the cash equivalent. The inducement was sufficient to place almost a third of last year's refugees back on the land, but with

their increasing numbers the supply of available fields shrinks.

Personnel of other organizations, private and governmental, step in to take up the slack and to fill the gaps in the government's refugee program. The big plus factors, of course, are the 750-odd employees and the tremendous assets of the American AID program.

In South Viet Nam, AID operates the largest American assistance program in the world. Included among many operations are projects designed to stimulate or create industries, train civil servants (in woefully short supply), establish universities and medical schools, establish health services, and develop new crops.

In terms of refugees, AID contributes the bulk of the personnel at work, provides transport for goods to and within the country, and gives logistic and planning support. It also distributes most of the food, blankets, and other supplies (in the last three months of 1965, U.S. AID handled distribution of 10,000 tons of supplies to refugees, compared with about 1,000 tons for voluntary agencies). That few refugees go hungry in South Viet Nam is primarily an AID accomplishment.

Tame-pup administrators might have played this game safe, keeping efforts modest. AID has been willing to try almost anything. The organization floated a pig-breeding program aimed at putting farmers on their feet. Inflation canceled hoped-for results, though it left an improved variety of swine traipsing around Vietnamese farmsteads. Schools have been built—and some blown up. In letting out construction and purchasing contracts, AID's men keep an eye on the clock. When it is time to scrawl their signature and get on with the job, they do so, knowing that someone, someday, will scream "waste." AID's failures in Viet Nam are as much its glory as are its successes.

There are AID men, working with Vietnamese government officials, who search for areas suitable for refugee resettlement, who provide construction materials for homes and community institutions, who counsel beginning farmers, who keep in touch with newly lo-

cated refugee families. Over 450 AID people work out in the provinces, some in remote outposts. A few get shot. Others are kidnaped by the VC—as was 30-year-old Douglas Ramsey, on January 19. In failure and in success, the AID fieldmen are superb.

The voluntary-service people joining them include that unusual group of men and women, many of them religiously motivated, who comprise International Voluntary Services. These people, paid \$80 per month, lend themselves to economic and refugee projects that extend from digging canals and improving watermelon strains to

relief operation that utilizes both professional personnel and volunteers, many of them servicemen. Foster Parents Program has added a new wrinkle to its usual approach. Now, in effect, the agency adopts "the whole child"—meaning acceptance of responsibility for his family as well.

An American engaged in relief services is linked, as his country is linked, to a joint civil-military operation designed to win a disaffected or indifferent majority to the side of a regime whose abilities to govern are limited. Only now and then is there an indication of the tension some civilian workers feel



teaching English, distributing rice, and digging foundations for new homes and community nurseries.

Increasingly the students and youth of Viet Nam are taking a hand themselves in such projects. At a refugee village on Saigon's outskirts, I saw such a group that had laid brick for a village center, opened a health station, cleared a graveyard for houses, and organized their community. Next they would try their hand at governing, holding places on the village council.

No record, even a partial listing such as this, should ignore the work of Catholic Relief services or of the Foster Parents Program. Catholics, with a large community in the country to sharpen their concern, have developed a highly organized

between their efforts and the purely military phase of the struggle.

AID men wonder, privately, "Do the military brass understand how hard it is to win a bunch of farmers? If they did, would they have pulled off this military operation, or that?" For just one stick of bombs laid by an American plane along a canal or the edge of a field can undo a lot of AID work.

When a refugee family proudly shows a visitor through a new home, when schoolchildren smile a yard wide over new school-kits (a CARE program), or when a Delta boy enrolls in technical school—at these times nobody minds being counted part of an effort that, way off, includes the sound of guns.

But direct involvement in a "paci-

fication" campaign must be hard. In one such military sweep last November to secure a valley controlled by the Viet Cong, 10,000 persons were processed by police as farmers fled or were trucked away from their homes to refugee camps. On the other hand, medical services were given, rice was distributed, new homes were begun, dispensaries were erected, and roads were built. Service in this case was not distinct from violence, the two were part and parcel of each other.

But volunteer workers do not waste time with their doubts. They get on with such service as is possible—for the refugees and their suffering are ever present.

For our soldiers, sailors, and airmen, it is a difficult war. They are not locked away in encampments or barracks that insulate them from intimate knowledge of the civilian population. Nor are they able to relegate their adversaries to supposedly subhuman categories which, in other wars, gave birth to terms like "Cook," "Jap," or "Hun."

A soldier often returns from a search-and-seize campaign to stroll, in the evening, along the streets of a provincial town. He tweaks the ear of an urchin, argues with a rickshaw driver, smiles at a pretty girl. If, next day, he must pitch a grenade, he knows that the weapon may shatter a boy who resembles the waiter at a local hotel.

Conversely, if he permits himself to think of the grenade, which may be thrown at *his* feet on his next stroll through town, he must reckon with the possibility that the hand which flings it may belong to that cherry-lipped girl who smiled at him the previous Saturday night.

It is the worst kind of war, a war in which you know and are halfway attracted to your enemy's face. It brings with it, as violence always must, an erosion of one's self-esteem.

The reaction to this is a desire, sharp as thirst, to see activity that is clearly and unquestionably peaceful and constructive. GIs and officers in Viet Nam are pathetic in their eagerness to find something like this to do. Every headquarters boasts a service unit; a young corporal serves as NCO in charge of Roman Catholic relief for his

outfit; volunteer work parties of soldiers build bridges or schools. For these men, it is a delight, mixed with envy, to encounter other Americans who work full time to put Vietnamese society back together even as the guns boom on.

But here is a hard thing for Protestants to hear. Though our servicemen have been able to see men of secular agencies busy at such work, and though they keep stumbling over men of *some* religiously oriented agencies who share the burden (Catholic Relief Services, Mennonite Central Committee, and others), they seldom meet service workers from mainline U.S. Protestant denominations. And they will be unlikely to meet them in any great numbers until after September, when Church World Service (the National Council of Churches relief agency) expects to complete its recruitment of 50 volunteers for Viet Nam.

There are reasons for this lack. After the large CWS effort among the refugees of 1954 and 1955, the agency gradually withdrew its program in Viet Nam for several good reasons—one being that it might have been construed as a tool intended to undermine the National Evangelical Church in Viet Nam, a child of the Christian and Missionary Alliance and other non-NCC groups.

SINCE then, most NCC-affiliated churches have channeled aid to Viet Nam through the Mennonite Central Committee or the East Asia Christian Conference.

Such aid, however, was unobtrusive, and quite insufficient to mask the absence of NCC-related persons on the scene. This absence was highlighted by publicity given in Viet Nam to the persistent challenges to U.S. Viet Nam policy made by some Protestant leaders back home. To some, it appeared that Protestant absence from the scene reinforced this protest—an assumption which, we have seen, is incorrect. But right or wrong, some of our soldier sons have come to believe this.

Now a drive for \$250,000 to finance the projects of the 50 volunteers has been announced by

Church World Service on behalf of 30 million other NCC-related Protestants. The funds and the volunteers will continue to be channeled to Viet Nam through the Mennonites over a period of two years. Much of the money and volunteer effort will be expended at Pleiku, in the refugee-burdened highlands.

Given the numbers of refugees and the complexities of the situation, \$250,000 from 30 million people is too small an amount, just as 50 volunteers from among the same number comprise too small a group in view of our self-respect and the job ahead. Some bonfires are in order under desks, pulpits, and pews at home.

In any case, the refugees will be waiting for us no matter when we get there. And if the war intensifies, they will be two or three times their present number.

Against this grim backdrop, the question of individual American attitudes toward the Viet Nam war takes on new importance.

Do you *oppose* American military involvement in Viet Nam? If so, your Christian or humanitarian scruples are unlikely to be at rest after you have written a few letters, made a speech, or attended a rally. Given the refugees, your funds and possibly your talents ought to be at work picking up the pieces—even if other hands create additional human wreckage while you labor.

Do you *favor* the present conflict, considering it a grim necessity? If so, are your Christian or humanitarian responsibilities at rest when you have made your point back home? Or are you bound to support social, economic, health, and relief measures in Viet Nam which, in alleviating suffering and creating opportunity, hasten a day of peace?

Meanwhile, the war goes on. In a schoolyard I saw a girl dancing an impromptu ballet, one arm curled sweetly back toward her cheek. The other arm, gaily outflung toward her schoolmates, terminated in a plaster of paris stump where a hand ought to have begun.

I suppose it was a grenade or a bomb—it doesn't really make any difference. But God be merciful to that girl, to the man who flung the weapon, to the people of Viet Nam, to our adversaries, to us. □

The TOUGH LINE on Poverty

By SAUL D. ALINSKY

SAUL D. ALINSKY is one of the most discussed social reformers of our time. His enemies call him a Marxist and a bully. His friends see him as saint and prophet. His business is agitation on behalf of the poor. He is tough, relentless, sometimes rude. Alinsky has been a "professional radical," as he calls himself, for 27 years, and his Chicago-based Industrial Areas Foundation has welded the poor in dozens of American slums into unified organizations. Their common goals are decent housing, good schools, and fair employment. Their common enemies are unheeding politicians and slum landlords. Their tools are picket lines and boycotts, mass meetings and rent strikes, demonstrations and sit-downs. These methods dismay some and anger others. The *Christian Century*, a persistent Alinsky critic, says: "... the problems of race, poverty, and urban deterioration are so complex and massive that they demand solutions much more radical and extensive than those proposed by Alinsky. . . . his IAF programs produce only superficial changes in existing social structures." But Alinsky also has staunch and respected advocates, including Church Federation of Greater Chicago and the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Chicago. Harvey Cox, the young theologian who wrote the best-selling paperback *The Secular City*, calls Alinsky "a genius in getting people to do things themselves and to begin to exercise power." When Alinsky's organization comes to any town, churchmen find themselves split down the middle. The situation in Kansas City, most recent IAF target, is fairly typical. When a combination of Roman Catholic and Protestant churchmen raised the funds to bring Alinsky to their city, they lost friends—and their churches lost pledges—in the ensuing battle. Methodists, who were not in on the initial planning, have left it to each congregation to make up its mind about joining Alinsky's crusade there. As Alinsky, and community organizers like him, expand their work across the country, churchmen need to think through his programs and decide where they stand. The following article, designed to help in that process, comes from an Alinsky interview tape-recorded by Kenneth Bagnell of Canada's *The United Church Observer*.—EDITORS



THE ONLY major institutions fighting for justice, decency, and equality in America are the churches. The labor unions are no longer doing it. For example, I went into Kansas 25 years ago, when I was pretty new in the social-action business, and I was sponsored primarily by the CIO (Congress of Industrial Organizations) and certain other progressive unions. There wasn't a church in sight.

But when I went back there recently, who sponsored me? The Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and the Catholic Archdiocese. No labor

unions in sight. They've become part of the status quo.

It was the same in Rochester, N.Y., last summer when the council of churches asked us to move in. And let me tell you, those are the ministers you should talk to. They invited us despite all the pressures you can think of from their constituents who wanted us kept out. I won't go into a city without a request from a responsible segment of people. So the area Council of Churches, right across the board, invited us. These ministers were almost like early Christians in the colosseum of Rome. The newspaper and TV stations unleashed an extraordinary torrent of abuse on them and on us. You'd think the Russians were coming in one gate, the Chinese another, and the bubonic plague from the sky. But the ministers stood with us.

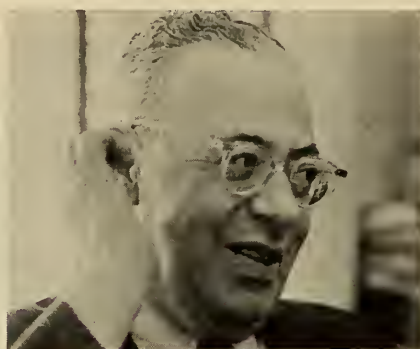
I see the churches moving out into all important areas. I think they started off with the Negroes because this was the most pressing, visible problem. But now they are moving in on the poor all over this country and the world, wherever there is inequality and suffering. But their biggest battle is yet to come. It is not going to be with the poor or the Negroes but with their own people. Can the Christian church get their own people, the ones who come to church, to practice Christianity, or at least acquiesce to the actions of their ministers? That's the question. Because the ministers and the priests are way out ahead of the people at this point.

Let's face it, the past record of the churches hasn't been too good. For centuries you've talked one way about all men being created in God's own image; you talk about the mystical body of Christ knowing no color line and so forth, and you've had the most segregated operations going. Your ministers became public-relations men on golf courses and brotherhood picnics, and the church became so sterile that eventually (as we are seeing today) it had to face up to the question of whether it believed any of its own stuff. Even nowadays some of those guys who took 20 minutes off to run down to Selma came back feeling so noble about

it that you couldn't talk to them.

The guys who want to go to the cross today want first of all a very well upholstered cross. And then they want a pension while they are on it.

All the same, there's a new tide running in the churches. It's strong and it's going in the direction of decent Judaic-Christian objectives. The fact that the churches have rotted and become, to a significant extent, big real-estate agents, doesn't mean that other sections of



"I see the churches moving out into all important areas. I think they started off with the Negroes because this was the most pressing, visible problem. But now they are moving in on the poor all over this country."

our society haven't rotted far worse. And also within the Christian church there is the constant tugging of its ultimate reason for existence.

Why am I concerned with the churches? For two reasons. The credos that are involved I believe in implicitly. Secondly, because they are moving in the area of social change, and we've got a big struggle ahead, so you take allies where you get them. In a way, they are choosing us instead of our choosing them. I think that they have begun to see that being controversial is not a sin but usually a virtue. For all social problems that are worth tackling are controversial. And a lot of ministers and priests are finding that out. They are annoying some people, because they are caring about injustice.

I don't think ministers are worrying about their reputations as much

as they once did. You know, worrying about your reputation can be the most corrupting influence to play throughout a man's life. Or worrying about getting a big church or a big job somewhere. Let me tell you a story. It's all around town.

Years ago, I used to have many Catholic seminarians come in here and just sit around on the floor talking. One day, just before they were leaving, a couple of them stopped at the door and said, "Mr. Alinsky,



"Can the Christian church get their own people, the ones who come to church, to practice Christianity or at least acquiesce to the actions of their ministers? . . . the ministers and priests are way out ahead of the people."

we were elected, before we came here, to ask you one question. Now we want to ask it. Within the next couple of weeks we are all going to be ordained; we'll be assigned to different parishes and different pastors. Some of them are going to be very reactionary and against changing the status quo. But we want to work along your lines. Can you tell us one thing that will keep us on the track?"

Before I stopped and considered—I rarely do stop and consider—I gave them my answer. I said, "Look, most questions in life I can't answer. But this one I can. It's very simple. When you go out that door, just decide for yourself whether you want to go through life as a priest or a bishop. Once you've made that decision, everything else will follow."

That's the last time any seminarians were permitted to come and

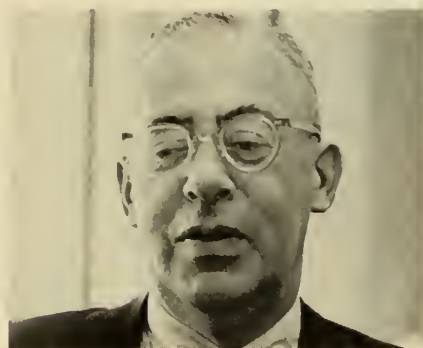
sit around the floor talking to Alinsky.

You know the most important lesson I've learned? That I'm not going to live forever. This may sound like a simple thing, but very few people realize really and truly that they're going to die. It's just an intellectual thing. I know now—emotionally—that I'm going to die, maybe tonight, maybe next week, next year, 20 years, I don't know. Most people really haven't faced that. If they did, they wouldn't



"Equality is not something that anyone can hand out to anyone else. If I make you equal by my generosity, then you're simply equal by sufferance . . . Equality is something you get by taking it, because it's yours."

their dignity, for one thing. There's a vast difference between being a recipient of altruistic charity and coming to the table as an equal, or coming to the table where you are respected because you say in effect: "If you don't do this, I'll do that." You see, there are certain things that people can only get for themselves. Equality is not something that anyone can hand out to anyone else. If I make you equal by my generosity, then you're simply equal by sufferance. And if I can give



"We've never had violence. Because when the poor have an organization, they have hope. I think violence comes when people are . . . so hemmed in, so full of despair and hate, that they blow their top."

worry about all these things that people are so concerned about, ego, satisfaction, status, and all that. That stuff used to be part of me, but not anymore. I've gone through a series of personal tragedies and visited enough cemeteries to have that knocked out of me. So for the first time I faced—really faced—what is the meaning of my life.

My critics accuse me of being rough and tough. I guess I am, but this is a rough, tough world and you work in it as it is. Appeals to brotherhood and understanding have never materialized into anything significant. All you have to do for proof is look over the history of mankind. So what do the poor do?

The poor, like all other human beings, have to be organized. And organized for one reason, so that they will have power; power to compel recognition, recognition of

you equality. I can also take it away. Equality is something you get by taking it, because it's yours.

Then when the poor are organized—with leaders of their own and programs of their own—they are ready to start talking loudly to the power structure that ignores them.

How do they communicate? Bluntly, they communicate with the power structure not through their ears but through the seats of their trousers with demonstrations against school boards who couldn't care less about the schools for kids in poor neighborhoods and rent strikes against landlords who live in fancy suburbs while soaking the poor in some tenement on the other side of town. Then after you've made your initial communication—the real one—they may be ready to start talking in fancy language about doing something "for the

common good" and dressing everything up in nice moralistic trappings.

This isn't popular. It's tough. I've been called everything in the book and then some. But I don't know anything better than these community organizations. We've never had violence. Because when the poor have an organization, they have hope. I think violence comes when the people are frustrated, so hemmed in, so full of despair and hate that they blow their top. So when we organize, we pretty well remove the possibility of violence. Besides, violence hurts your chances of building up a strong, powerful organization.

What did poverty do to me when I was a kid? I don't know if I can put it in words. Being poor stinks. There's nothing romantic about it. People who go around glorifying poverty ought to live in some of the rat-infested places where I slept. I didn't know there was such a thing as going to bed without the smell of burning bedbugs. Every three days, my father used to take a burner and cremate all the bedbugs around the place. We always wore our underclothes for a whole week, and they were filled with blood spots from the bedbugs you squashed. That's when you knew you had to change your underwear—when it was red from the blotches.

You know, I'll tell you something. There are times when I go into some of the communities and the homes—and my staff will prove this for you, if you want—and I just go into a rage. I get out and say to my people, "I'm not going back in there until I make some decisions that will change this place for good. Right now I just can't think straight."

Some people call me rude and rough and say I'm deliberately so. They're wrong. I believe a certain measure of irreverence should be part of the democratic faith because in a free society everyone should be questioning and challenging. If I were to put up a religious symbol the way some people put up crucifixes or stars of David, my symbol would be the question mark. A question mark is a healthy sign. And besides, turn it upside down and it's a plowshare. □



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REVEALED in HIM

By DAVID CHANEY

Pastor, Good Shepherd Methodist Church
Park Ridge, Illinois

THE POPULAR art forms of our time often express what society is feeling. They expose our discontent, reveal our inadequacies, expose our defenses, and indirectly reveal our spiritual condition. And so it is with *Batman*, one of the current TV season's most popular shows.

Reactions to this program have varied wildly. Some critics have said that it's so far out, it's in. Or that it's so bad, it's good. Children, depending on their age, have been mystified, amused, entranced, or horrified. Adults? Well, it depends. If in your youth you avidly read the comic-book adventures of the "Caped Crusaders," as I did, then surely nostalgia will be a part of your reaction. If not, you may wonder what all the fuss is about.

Being from that group which survived childhood in a tumultuous era by an occasional retreat to comic-book fantasy, I wondered what approach would be

used to depict my childhood heroes. How would the producers handle it? Play it straight, as in TV's *Superman*—with the result that the program is largely watched by the very young? Or jazz it up to hook us adults who remember fondly the exploits of the "dynamic duo"?

Batman's producers have straddled the issue. The show is real enough for the small fry; they get a little bit scared, but can't quite figure out the puns, the riddles, and the double-talk lines. For adults, the comic-book style of the show, with the horrible dialogue and one-dimensional characters, plays on nostalgia and gives us a sense of superiority as we ask (while watching the show every week), "How could we ever have liked that stuff?" For extra good measure, pop-art production techniques, gimmicks, and the old reliable cliff-hanger approach—as in *Perils of Pauline* or the old Saturday matinee serials—have been thrown in to make sure we keep watching, whether child or adult.

So much for the technique of the show. Does it have any implications for us as we try to find a meaningful style of life in our time? I think it does. I would maintain that even in its caricatures, its grotesque exaggerations, it reflects—like a funny-house mirror—the image of what we are and what we should not be.

Gotham: The Ideal City

First, note the location of the stories: Gotham City. This metropolitan area seems strangely free from many of the urban problems that beset our cities today. Daily life is dotted with such things as yacht launchings, receptions for foreign heads of state, first pitches at baseball games. Outside of periodic visits by flashy, all-bad villains, no problems seem to exist. Except for the 1966 cars and *Batman's* Buck Rogers technology, Gotham seems like the type of city we remember back in the 1930s or 1940s. It projects an image of the way we would like our cities to be: clean and generally problem free.

In reality, we know today's cities are not like that at all. Instead, our urban areas are problem ridden, corrupt, vital, creative, sprawling monsters. They are a force that we have to contend with, and flight from them is not the answer.

Deep down we know this, and we know that we're going to have to contend with them the way they are. Running isn't going to do it unless we find a place where urban sprawl doesn't exist. Being honest, we know the problem is immense and frightening.

The Christian and his church is faced with this problem. He remembers that his Lord went to a city to die, that the early church first took root in the cities, and that Christ died for the city man as well as the man from the country. Difficult though it has been and will be, the Christian church must become involved with the city. The Christian and his fellowship cannot escape the encounter. For the Gotham

City we would so much like to have really doesn't exist—except on bright screens in our living rooms.

What else besides the show's setting can speak to us of our situation today? Have you ever seen such a collection of villains in any TV series: the Joker, the Penguin, the Riddler? Probably this is one of the reasons my generation likes Batman so well. The villains he fights both in the comic book and on the show are from crime's most colorful collection. While they are colorful, their criminal activity centers almost exclusively on elaborate schemes to wreak revenge on Batman. They don't perform much official crime. Their evil actions are essentially flamboyant, dramatic—and highly publicized. Their intentions are known to all.

In our time, as in any time, the face of evil isn't so well known. We are content to let it remain disguised. We forget that it is found in poverty that shatters personality, in the pain of discrimination, in wars that destroy people for the sake of "principle," in words said or left unsaid. The evil we know doesn't emblazon the skies with what it's going to do; instead it works quietly and hidden until our hearts are hardened and we no longer recognize it.

The Christian is alert to this fact. He doesn't wait for evil to make a public announcement. He is, or should be, examining himself to see if evil has taken hold of his life. He knows that without God's reconciling love in Christ that makes him whole, he would be evil, too. He confesses his sin and asks that he never forget what God has done for him and his neighbor.

In Robert Bolt's play *A Man for All Seasons*, Thomas More, the English saint, hears his jailer try to justify himself:

JAILER: You understand my position, sir. There's nothing I can do. I'm a plain, simple man and just want to keep out of trouble.

MORE: (*crying out passionately*): O Sweet Jesus! These plain, simple men!

The forces of evil working in our time are complex. We must be aware and alert to them or we will become "plain, simple men" waiting for a dramatic battle between good and evil—and discover too late that the battle already has been won by evil.

Batman as Messiah

Besides the setting and the villains in the *Batman* series, we must examine the heroes. As you know, the forces of good always win in Gotham City because Batman and Robin always win. The police chief has not once failed to pick up the batphone and call for assistance from the "dynamic duo."

For the citizens of Gotham City, Batman is a messiah figure. He has brought peace and justice to Gotham City because of his never-relenting fight against crime. While there are moments of doubt from Wednesday to Thursday, there is no doubt that he always will win. They accept Batman wherever he goes—kookie Batmobile, mask, and all. They are secure and content simply to go about the business of living their private lives. But what would happen to them or Gotham City if Batman dies?

Most of us are like this, too, aren't we? We're sure we have the keys, the answers, the story necessary to live a meaningful life. Believe in God, follow the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount; these keys will answer any crisis. Then the crisis comes, and strangely these things may have no meaning. Why? We have fallen prey to the same fallacy as the citizens of Gotham City. We think our salvation is outside us. Too often we pay only lip service to the Christian faith, thinking it is something outside ourselves.

The Apostle Paul uses a phrase in one of his letters that locates the saving power: "the glory of this mystery which is Christ in you." Christ is not waiting in the clouds for us while we finish our good deeds here. Rather, the reality of the Christ experience must be present here and now within us and in our relationship with others.

What does this sound like to a contemporary man, this Christ being in us? Let a young college professor, Reginald Hannaford, who teaches at Bowdoin College, describe it:

His love opens itself to us even at that moment when we think we are done with him. How? Every way and no way. This experience is an unsatisfactory thing to explain. Its external husks are many—listening to music, holding my wife's hand, talking to friends, being in crowds, being alone, talking to a class, sitting quietly in meeting—but its core is one, the experience of love. However difficult love may be to explain, it is not difficult to know. That is part of His nature—that he can reach us even when we don't have the imagination to know that we are capable of being reached. . . . When I say I believe in God, it is this God that I have experienced moving me.¹

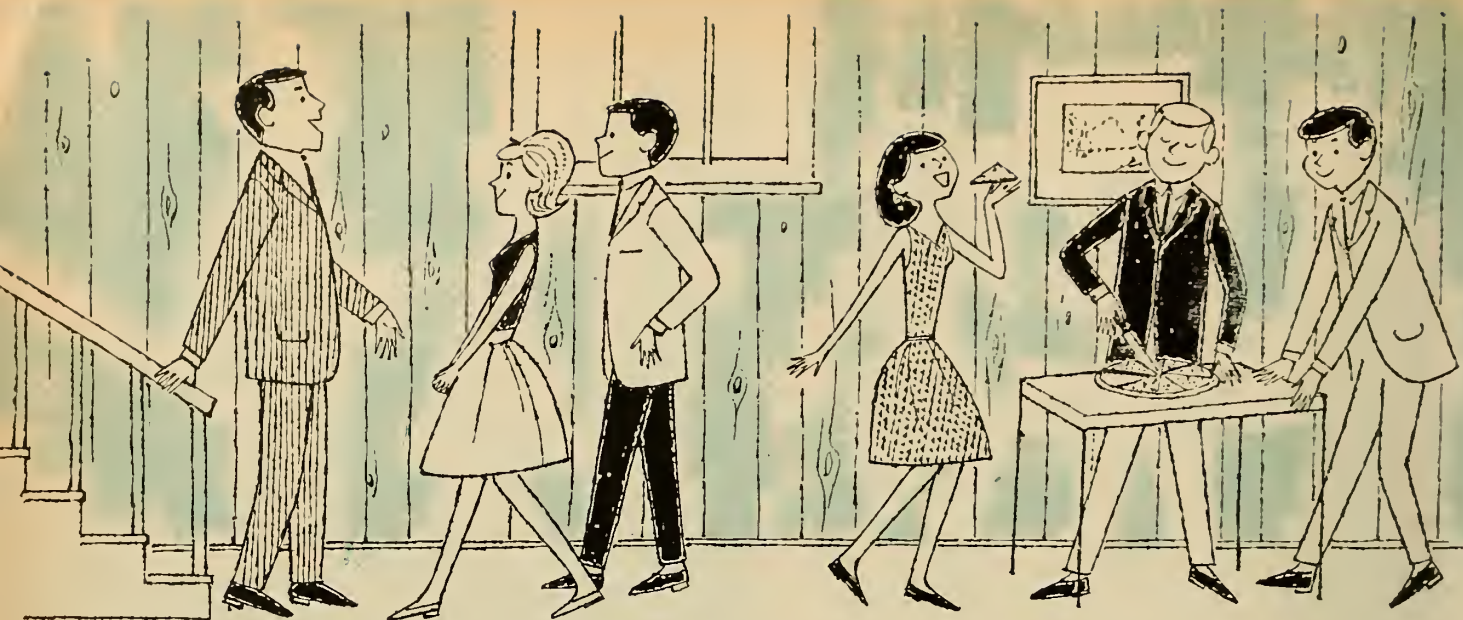
The Christ in us can be described as love. It also can be discerned as a moving power forever changing and transforming us.

"Our God is not a passive God. He is like steam under a lid and a person is the lid," says Bishop James Pike of the Protestant Episcopal Church. This is the force, the reality that will prepare us in shaping a style of life that makes sense in our time—a reality not beyond us but *within* us.

What, then, does *Batman* suggest to us? First, we must not drug ourselves with fantasy, but rather look squarely at the reality that surrounds and confronts us in the place where we live. Second, we must recognize and unmask the disguises of evil in our midst. Finally, when we can accept the presence of Christ in our lives we must know that only this acceptance can prepare us for a meaningful life in this world.

Christian faith always has said this. If a wildly strange television series helps reveal to us our spiritual condition, maybe the program is not so far out after all. Perhaps we have been the ones who need to get with it. To be truly on the inside of Christian life is to be "revealed in Him." □

¹ From *Voices of Protest and Hope* (Friendship Press, \$1.95). Used by permission of Reginald Hannaford.—EDITORS



A New Code for

What are the duties, if any, of parents when their teen-agers give parties?

After talking with fathers, mothers, and youngsters, the authors suggest some ideas that make for parties which are 'successful' in the definitions of both generations.

WHAT makes a good teen party? The right setting, music, snacks and soft drinks, and fellows and girls who are congenial.

The party given by 16-year-old Linda in the finished basement at the Jacksons' house had all the right components, but it was a disaster. Tools were stolen from the basement workshop, wood paneling was seared and gouged, and cigarette butts were ground into the new tile floor laboriously installed by Mr. Jackson. (Names are fictitious.)

But the greatest damage done at the party was not visible. It was the shock and disgust experienced by the young people who came to have a good time and were sickened by vandalism, drinking, and lights-out necking.

Said 16-year-old Patti, "Five fellows from South High crashed the

party. They put vodka or something in the fruit punch and things got wild. They threw food around. It was disgusting."

Seventeen-year-old Chuck said, "We were having a good time recording things until some fellows came in and took over. They tore down decorations and wrecked the place. When it gets to that point, it's not a party."

If you are the parents of a teenage Patti or Chuck who has gone to such a party, you have probably wondered: How did it happen? Where were the girl's parents? Did they leave the house and turn the party over to an inexperienced 16-year-old?

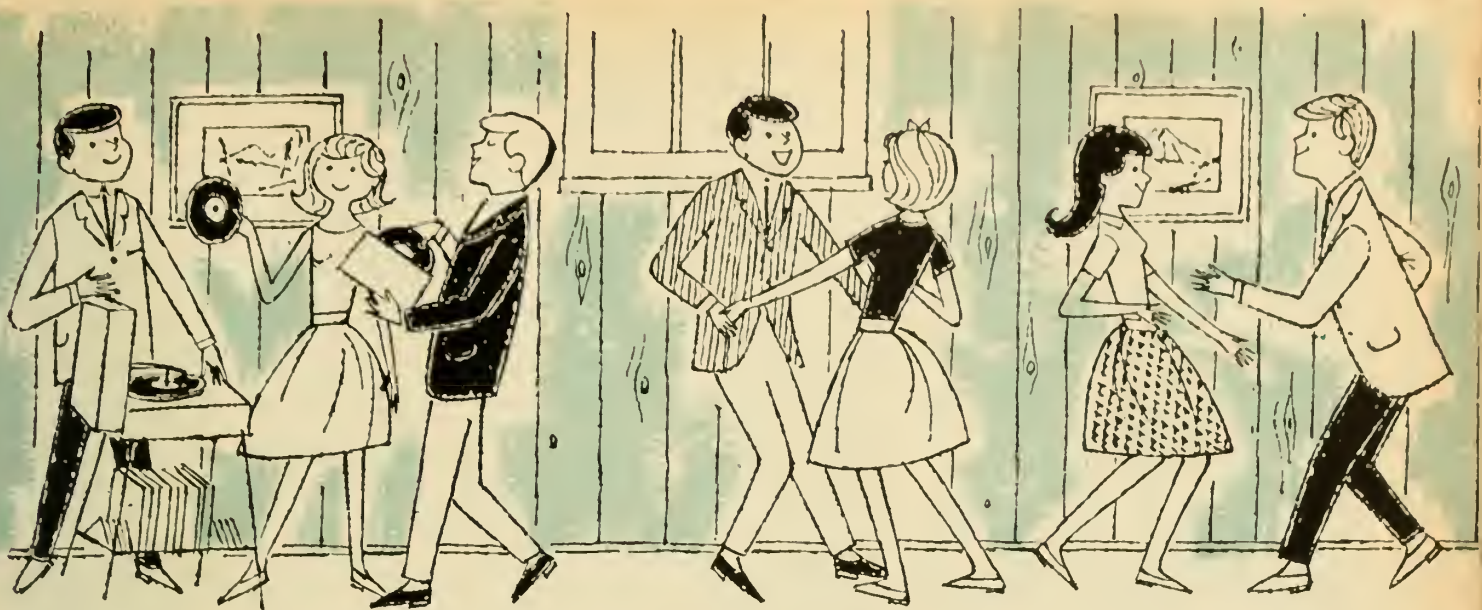
All too often, parents believe their responsibility ends with decorations and snacks. They feel free to go out for the evening and "let

the young people have a good time." Anyone who points out that they are abdicating responsibility and leaving the teen-agers to follow the line of least resistance is dismissed as a prude and an old fogey.

As it happened, this was not quite the case with the party at the Jacksons. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were home—but only technically. They were "sort of in deepfreeze," as Chuck put it. "They didn't circulate. We didn't see them except early in the evening. Even when things got wild they didn't come downstairs."

"Believe me, most of us were hoping somebody would blow the whistle on these kids before the neighbors called the police!"

Early in the evening, Mrs. Jackson had been at the front door with Linda, welcoming guests as they ar-



Teen-Age Parties

By MARTHE and MURRAY GROSS

rived. Mr. Jackson had brought the last case of soda in from the garage to ice. Then, evidently satisfied that all would run smoothly, both had retired to watch TV in the second-floor den, three levels above the party in the basement.

The result was party-crashing, vandalism, and drinking—a disastrous evening for hostess, guests, and parents.

Order out of Chaos

What can responsible Christian parents do to ensure that socializing by teens is fun without being wild? To get some positive answers we asked both parents and teenagers to give us specific suggestions. Here is what they told us:

1. Plan ahead at a family talk-through exactly how much supervision there will be.

The Jacksons felt that just being at home was fulfilling their obligation. Their daughter had warned them not to “hover.”

“If you creep around spying, the party will be a drag,” she had told

them pointedly. “And word will get around school!”

Intimidated by this dire prospect, the Jacksons had mistakenly agreed to be invisible for most of the evening.

It is generally agreed by most parents that mother and/or father should be on hand to welcome guests by name. Once the party starts, at least one parent should circulate every half hour or so.

“They shouldn’t come around with that suspicious look,” said 17-year-old Lou Ann from Madison, N.J. “Then everybody makes a joke about your father’s ‘spying.’ But maybe he could come downstairs to check the oil-burner setting or something. It ought to be casual. Just so the fellows and girls know that he is at home. That’s important.”

The father of 16-year-old twin daughters confirms the importance of “circulating.” During a recent party given by his daughters he heard a noise he could not account for. Investigating, he found two boys climbing through a dormer

window onto the roof of the house!

When he asked why they had deserted the party in the backyard to try such a dangerous stunt, they shrugged and answered, “For kicks!”

The father told them politely but firmly to rejoin the party and enjoy themselves in conventional ways or he would telephone their parents to pick them up.

2. Agree ahead of time also on these points:

- Exactly who will be invited.
- When the party will start.
- When the party will end.

Many young people are so thrilled at the prospect of giving a party that they extend invitations just by “passing the word around school.” Unfortunately, “the word” gets not only to intended guests but to prospective crashers also.

Invitations should be sent to the guests’ homes by mail with an RSVP at the bottom. If crashers do attempt to force their way in, the situation is best handled by a parent who can remain coolheaded

and quietly assert his authority.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Smith, parents of a 19-year-old daughter and a 16-year-old son, say that most of the party-crashers who have turned up at the Smith home were "fresh on the outside but scared on the inside."

"We talk to them reasonably. When they see that we're not shocked or in a flap, they may put up an argument and try to bluster their way in. But usually they accept our word for it: 'Sorry, fellows, the party tonight is limited.'"

The Smiths also have found that a definite time limit is a must. Invitations to a backyard barbecue, for instance, read: "Saturday, 4:30-8 p.m."

"If the young people just stay and stay, the party glow begins to fade," Mrs. Smith says. "We don't ring a gong or anything to clear everyone out, but we do give some gentle hints: 'Gary, would you help Mr. Smith put the cover on the tape recorder?' Or, 'Help us take these benches back to the basement, please.'"

3. *Have a theme or a "peg" for the party and work out enough stunts and contests to carry out the theme and make it fun.*

Whether it is an all-boy cookout, an all-girl splash party or a boy-girl get-together, the more young people *do*, the more satisfaction they get out of it.

Mr. and Mrs. George White of Westchester County, N.Y., parents of five children aged 11 to 22, say the parties that are voted "really neat" are ones that have a "core." Magic is one example of a theme that has been successful at the Childress home.

"We don't really plan anything elaborate," explains 17-year-old Sharon, "but my cousin does some coin tricks and my older brother and his friends do a silly mind-reading act. It's cornball, but we like it. We usually have a great time."

A Chatham, N.J., family with talent for music-making says that their best times have been with an unplanned, spur-of-the-moment hootenanny. Their 16-year-old son plays the guitar. Another son, 18, plays piano and can double on the uke.

"You should hear those kids and their friends do *Shenandoah*. They do a beautiful job," says their dad.

Tailor-Made Fun

Not all these suggestions will work for all families, of course. Teen-age socializing depends on many things: your family budget, where you live (city apartment or house in the suburbs), and the personality and temperament of your son or daughter.

Many young people in their teens are late-bloomers socially. They do not have what child-development experts call an "inner push toward social growth."

Fifteen-year-old Joanne enjoys the company of other girls at a splash party in a backyard pool, for instance. She is not ready for boy-girl socializing and her parents are wise enough to take an easy-does-it attitude.

Joanne's father is an avid fisherman, and he took his daughter and three girl friends out in his boat at five o'clock one morning. They had a wonderful time and have already "dated" this father for more fishing trips.

The parents of 14-year-old Bob found, after moving to a new St. Louis suburb, that there was a great deal of sophisticated party-giving and expensive out-of-home entertaining in their area.

Said Bob's mother, "I kept hearing remarks like: 'We're giving Karen's 14th-birthday party at the Green Lantern.' Or, 'We're taking Craig and 10 of his friends to the ice show on New Year's Day.'"

What especially disturbed her and her husband, she added, were persistent reports that young teens were experimenting with drinking at home parties.

These parents, who happen to be recent converts to The Methodist Church, did not sit their son down and deliver a stern lecture about their neighbors' morals.

"We figured he was getting precept from church," Bob's father explained. "What he needed from us was example."

They quietly resolved to offer their son and his friends a substitute for sophisticated socializing in their neighborhood.

"Friday night is Bob's night," ex-

plained his father. "Three or four of his friends come over and either work on models or do some tape recording. They worked out a parody of a baseball broadcast that's awfully funny. We have pizza and soft drinks for them and they usually finish the evening working out new judo holds on an old blanket."

Twice they piled into Bob's father's car and went to the midget-auto races, and in winter they ice-skate once or twice a month at a nearby rink. One of the other fathers is a former Olympic skater and volunteered to give pointers.

It is true that all these good times are "for men only." Bob and the junior-high classmates who are his particular buddies have tried boy-girl parties and voted them a "cipher."

"The last time Bob went to a boy-girl party he came home with his fists clenched and in a vile mood," recalls his mother. "He's just not ready for it, so we're certainly not going to push him."

Two to four years from now this will change. Emotionally, Bob and his friends will be ready to socialize with girls. But at this stage in their development they are having a wonderful time on Friday night, being with friends they are completely comfortable with, and knowing that "base" is a home where they are warmly welcome. Evenings are not overstimulating or overplanned.

Bob's parents, like other responsible Christian parents, are wise enough to supply the essentials for fun—with reasonable supervision.

"Even though they're just upstairs, we look in on them once in a while," says Bob's father. "It saves wear and tear on the furniture and on their feelings, too. They get a little too frank sometimes."

Some teen-agers would call this "spying" and would consider it an invasion of privacy. But mothers and fathers who really care for their children are not intimidated. They know teen-agers should not be given freedom beyond their power to control.

Until they can fully exercise self-control, parents should supply controls for them. This is the basis for good times that leave not damage and disgust but happy memories. □

Teens Together

By DALE WHITE

RECENTLY I received a letter from Philip Spottswood in the Philippines. Philip is the teen-age son of an American missionary. He has written a poem which he wants to share with you. He says, "Many teen-agers today have built up complex shells of deceit which must be penetrated and destroyed before their true selves unfold." He hopes you might see yourself in his poem, which he entitles *Dolls*:

*I am a Japanese toy doll;
My face is a shiny mask;
My body is plastic, stiff and un-
moving.
I observe life through glass eyes;
I watch others with the cheap
serenity of idleness;
I am afraid to stand alone.*

*I, and the others, follow bigger
dolls,
Leader dolls, but they, too, are
hollow.
Stiffly, doggedly we follow them,
Stumbling, breaking our plastic
skins
That have turned brittle by life-
times of deceit.*

*Our shells are full of emptiness,
There is no room
For emotion, understanding, and
love.
There is no room even for our-
selves;
We live outwardly,
Our souls have died within us.*

Phil's words remind me of a certain folk song about a "real nowhere man sitting in his nowhere land making all his nowhere plans for nobody."

Both the poem and the song point to a big job every teen-ager faces: to become a real person. The question "Who am I?" will not rest until it finds a satisfactory answer. Sometimes letters come which say, "I am really two persons; in church I talk one way, but out with the gang I live another way." Or, "I do not know who I am. Sometimes I feel like an onion, with layer after layer of make-believe, but no 'me' inside."

How do we become a person? We know who we are as we know to whom we belong. Our identity is forged in a crucible of relationship with others. As we identify with them, we find identity for ourselves. We need other persons. We need models for our own becoming—fine persons

who inspire us to say, "I wonder if I could be like that?" We need long, deep talks with intimate friends and trusted adults.

As we talk, we reveal ourselves. As others respond to us and open themselves to our understanding, we learn to know ourselves. We erase and rewrite inside when we trust another person enough to expose our deepest feelings. We find ourselves as men and women in wholesome companionship with those of the opposite sex.

Moreover, we become a real person as we accept a structure of responsibility. Places to be and duties to perform give bones to our identity. Sometimes we get burdened down and think how wonderful it would be in a world where nothing has to be done. But those who have nothing in particular to do become nothing in particular. We are drawn out into being by the lure of exciting involvement. Our schoolwork offers a lot more than simply a fund of information. It opens vistas of interest and opportunity. We see what we want to be as we discover ways in which we would like to create.

What part does our faith play in this? I think God is at work in this process, creating his sons and daughters. Christ taught us that being with others in responsible love is the way we become. He encourages us to move out beyond ourselves, to invest ourselves in meaningful service. In losing ourselves we become selves. Christ wants us to identify with him, to ac-

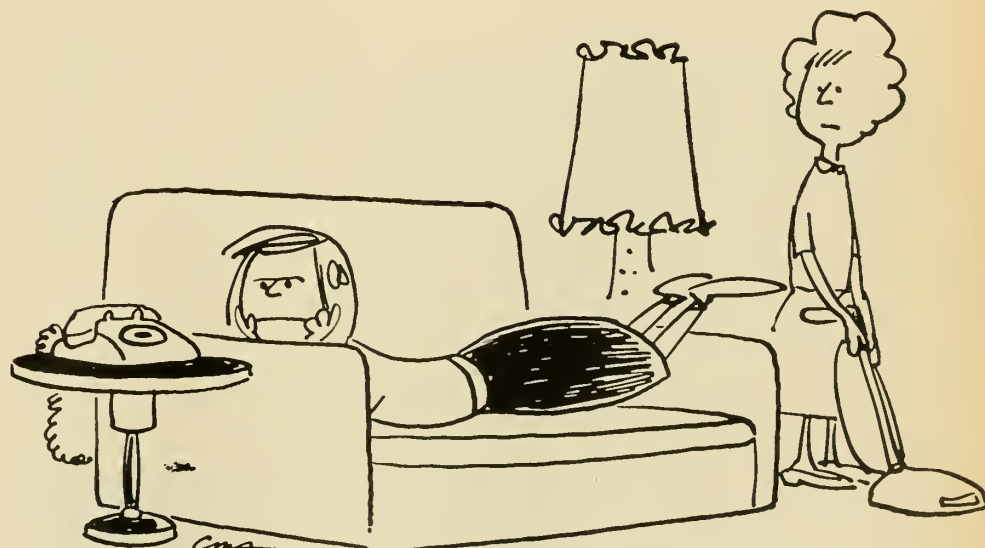
cept him not only as Savior but as Lord of our lives. This gives a point of reference outside this crowd and this town, and makes us restless with the empty and the false around us, and within. Right, Phil?

QA

I think my family is beginning to fall apart. I hope I am wrong, but the way my mother acts makes me worry about it. She is a very nice person most of the time, but several times each week she raves on and on about how my father neglects the whole family, and how everyone thinks she is nothing but a slave. My father is a clergyman, so his hours are very irregular, but he often spends a lot of time with her. Please try and help us. I cannot stand for my family to fall apart.—X.B.

We can sense the deep concern you have for your family. A recent study of 4,000 Lutheran young people showed that family discord is a major worry of teen-agers. It worries them more than their irritation over parental authority, which adults think is the big concern of youth.

Your mother's actions do not necessarily mean your family is falling apart. They probably mean that she is under special strain right now, and needs the support and patience of all of you. Women around her age go



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1963 by Warner Press, Inc

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through a period called the menopause, when chemical changes in the body often make them moody or restless. Also, emotional stresses sometimes mount to a breaking point after several years and cry out for relief.

Ministers' families are richly blessed, but they have to share father with a whole community of persons who also need his time and attention. Sometimes that is a hard burden to bear. You and your father should encourage your mother to see a physician. Perhaps a counselor should be consulted, as well.



My mother thinks our family is too dependent on the television, so she hid our set. We have been without it for a week. She says it is affecting my grades. I cannot reason with her. Even my father is on her side. They never understand, and I want a TV. Should I buy one myself?—M.F.

I am afraid I must side with your parents on this one. The television set has become a curse to some families, who sit hypnotized before it night after night, until they practically forget how to talk with one another. The rule in our family is no TV on weeknights. Not even father is allowed to turn it on! Once in awhile we all agree that some special program just cannot be missed. And of course on weekends we live it up. I doubt if buying your own set will help. Your mother probably knows at least one more good hiding place.



I am a girl, 16. I went steady with a fine boy. We were very much in love and saw each other every day. Then suddenly he broke off and started going out with another girl. I have been very sick for the five months since then. I know he is the cause of my illness. I told my doctor and he said I am sick from worrying. Please help me. My life is not worth living any more.—L.B.

You are suffering from more than a broken heart. All of us grieve when we lose someone we love. It hurts, but usually within a few weeks the wounds heal, and we go back to our work a little wiser, a little sadder, but without handicap. In your case, grief seems to have turned to depression. Depression always has deep roots and often takes a long time to fight off. I am glad you are seeing your doctor. Go to him at regular intervals so he

can help you to recover a brighter outlook. Can you talk with your minister? Ask him for weekly appointments to talk out your feelings.



I am 15 and have been going steady with a girl of 14 for about six months. When we first dated I was at her home so much of the time her parents tired of me. Now she is not allowed to see me or invite me over. I can never see her unless we meet secretly. What can I do?—G.T.

Is this the first time you have loved and lost? The first time hurts. So do the others. Unfortunately, most of us have to go through this several times on the road to maturity. In the process we learn a lot about how to get along with those of the opposite sex. One thing we learn is how to bow out gracefully, which may be the best thing you can do.



I am a junior girl. I do not have a problem. It is more a dream. I want to study abroad, in England if possible. My grades are good, and I could make it as an exchange student. The school superintendent wrote to the American Field Service about it. Before we can send a student abroad, we must have a foreign student in our school for a year. But I will be graduated by then. Where can I get information about other possibilities for study abroad?—S.G.

Congratulations on your dream to study abroad! I think we should expand our student-exchange programs many times over. God is calling us toward a future in which all the world's people will be one family. We should be preparing ourselves for that future. Write to the Rev. Theodore McEachern, P.O. Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202, for information on International Christian Youth Exchange and other programs. Hold onto that dream, even if you must postpone its fulfillment for a while. Several colleges offer a year of study abroad. Your school advisers should have information on them.

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens Together. Write to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.—EDITORS



The challenge of farming was just what these city-bred MYFers wanted, and they turned their retreat center into a profit-making venture. Here, some of the members plant tomatoes.

City Church Kids— Down on the Farm!

By HENRY L. NORTON

WHEN THE young people of St. Paul's Methodist Church at Wichita, Kans., and the Rev. Cletus Cary, associate pastor, let it be known three years ago that they wanted to rent a long-vacant and run-down farmhouse for a retreat and recreation center, some of the church's members shook their heads and feigned "What next!" expressions.

But they donated enough old furniture and equipment, paint and building materials to make the place usable. St. Paul's MYFers already had staged several musical shows under Mr. Cary's leadership and had bought a bus. Now they turned carpenters, housecleaners, painters, plasterers, masons, and roofers. The cobwebby cellar acquired a fireplace and became a recreation room. New stone rest rooms and pump house went up, later a white board outdoor movie screen and a snack shack.

"What next?" asked members of St. Paul's Church when the MYF rented a farmhouse. Undaunted by its condition, both boys and girls pitched in to clean it up.

The place was christened the Triad—a reference to the three age groupings within the Methodist Youth Fellowship. Special occasions—like the Fourth of July—gave the whole church opportunities to enjoy the facilities.

Then in late 1964 the Youth Council and Cletus Cary came up with a new idea that really jolted the congregation. They wanted to

expand Triad activities into a real farming operation, because the landowner from whom the farmhouse was leased no longer was able to work the land efficiently.

The notion flabbergasted a lot of people. St. Paul's is a city church near the center of a metropolitan area of a third of a million people. Many of its families live in fringe areas where they have room for





Wheat harvest brought work crews to the farm to rush the work to completion before rains set in. The grain sold for \$700—less than hoped, but the project did break even financially.

serious gardening—but farming!

However, some St. Paul's members had been reared on farms, and Mr. Cary, a onetime Iowa farm boy, is a persuasive talker.

Thirty of the Triad's 80 acres were planted to wheat. An implement dealer who belongs to St. Paul's provided machinery at a discount. The 80 or so members of the three youth fellowships were organized into committees, one of which spent part of the winter rebuilding a tractor in the Cary garage a block from the church. Another committee, in early spring, put in an acre of potatoes. Other groups set out onions and 1,200 tomato plants. Beans, squash, and cucumbers were planted. An "experimental committee" tested peanuts and other unlikely crops in small quantities.

A late frost destroyed most of the potatoes. Part of the patch was replanted.

The spring proved to be unusually wet. This made fields hard to get into, but it also made the growing crops flourish. With the entire resources of the St. Paul's youth fund invested in the farm, the blessings of the added moisture were accepted gratefully.

But the cool, rainy spring de-

layed the maturation of the wheat, and harvesttime arrived later than usual last June. The cutting can be done only when fields are dry, and the Triad's city-bred farmers learned that it would take precise timing to harvest their crop.

As the time for wheat-cutting approached, however, the elderly combine the young mechanics had worked over continued to resist rejuvenation.

Triad work crews had weathered many previous crises. Whenever someone had reported to Mr. Cary at one of these frustrating moments that something "just can't be done," he would tell them: "Well, there's got to be a way. Let's think about it for a little while and see if we can't come up with a solution."

The obvious solution to the combine problem was to obtain a repair manual for that particular model—but none could be found in Wichita. Calls finally located one in another state. It was rushed to the Triad and Mr. Cary spent most of the night studying it. Then he made some adjustments. The combine ran. The cutting of wheat was completed just before the rains began again.

Because of the grain's relatively high moisture content, it sold at a

lower-than-hoped-for price. But the \$700 it brought was enough to make that phase of the farming operation break even financially.

Meanwhile, some of the vegetables were ready, and the Triad farmers found time to plant another crop: 45 acres of milo.

On the Fourth of July weekend, an all-church party was held at the Triad. Those who came to play games, shoot fireworks, and see movies found the basement rec room filled with huge red tomatoes, freshly pulled onions, and other produce. Several hundred pounds of vegetables were quickly sold.

Tentative arrangements had been made to wholesale tomatoes to a supermarket, but so many members of the congregation asked for them that the marketing turned into a retail operation. And, for convenience to the buyers, the church office virtually became a produce store.

Five or six hundred pounds of tomatoes at a time would be spread out in the office of church secretary Hildreth McDonald. So, at times, would be freshly dug small potatoes—just the right size for creaming. Or cucumbers. Or, as it worked out, even cantaloupes and watermelons raised by another St. Paul's member.

The "store" opened up when anyone wanted to buy—after commission meetings, following services, even during nonoffice hours if some member of the church staff happened to be there.

By mid-August the Triad farmers had taken in \$1,300, and the milo added another \$1,100. After completing payment on the machinery and other expenses, the project netted more than \$600. The money is being used to send young people to camps, seminars, workshops and missionary projects, and for an expanded program.

But one of the biggest values, Cletus Cary believes, has been "the creativeness of working together" in a long-term project. "It has taken some hard work and imagination," he said, "to plant the crops and see them mature into a productive reality.

"It's amazing," he added, "what a response city young people will make to a project like this!" □



Gennaro's eyes are closed at worship service—but, says Arno Hammacher, "The big eyes of this little boy still hold some of the misery of other days."

In far-off Naples, where homeless waifs wander slums in the shadow of volcanic Vesuvius, American Methodists adopted an orphanage and school where thousands of Italian children have found love and learning. Today, Casa Materna also is . . .

A Home for Gennaro

Text by Herman B. Teeter / Pictures by Arno Hammacher

IT MAY BE that Gennaro's earliest memory is of a loneliness that came in the day and went away briefly at night. Always there was the empty room, the dismal street, and not enough to eat.

When he was four, all this changed. Gennaro went to live where a prince once lived, and he is no longer hungry, cold, or lonely.

Now that he is almost eight, Gennaro knows this is no fairy tale. He understands there is no father to care for him, and that his mother had to work long hours away from home.

Others in the big orphanage have been lonelier and

hungrier, perhaps. But Gennaro's story has been shared in many respects by almost 10,000 Italian boys and girls who have come and gone from the big Methodist home and school near Naples.

It all started 61 years ago when an Italian Methodist minister went for a short walk on the street.

Naples, an old city, rims a beautiful bay and is backgrounded by the volcanic peak of Vesuvius. Populated by over a million people today, the city grew for centuries without planning, and great slum areas developed. Wars, archaic adoption laws, crime, and ignorance made these slums the only home for count-



less orphaned waifs—like the two the Rev. Riccardo Santi saw on a street corner in Naples that day in June, 1905.

As he walked through the city, Pastor Santi took particular note of the extreme poverty around him. Thin, apparently homeless children wandered the streets, begging for food or money. The small boy and his sister stood on a corner, vainly trying to sell matches to passersby.

"It was," Pastor Santi recalled, "as if an inner voice said, 'These children belong to Me. Take them with you and love them for My sake. Do for them what was done for you in your childhood.'"

Big-eyed, lovable little Gennaro Silvestri is at home in Casa Materna today because long ago Pastor Santi—an orphan himself—heeded his impulse. The boy and girl of 1905 were promptly accepted into the family circle by Mrs. Santi and the two Santi children.

That was the beginning.

As months passed, friends of the Santi family and members of the Italian Methodist congregation began donating food, clothing, and additional furniture. Whenever possible, the Santis took in other homeless children. Soon the family had grown to 50—too many for the parsonage, too many for the larger apartment the Santis later acquired.

Children must be cared for with love; they must be clothed and fed; and they must be educated. Recognizing the importance of the latter, Pastor Santi started a school. From the beginning, Casa Materna has offered education, both to orphans and to others who come as day students.

By 1920, however, the need for additional funds

and facilities had exceeded the resources of the Santis, their friends, and the congregation. That was the year a committee of Methodists from the United States visited Casa Materna—which means "a home with the love of a mother"—and were so impressed by the Christian work there that they offered to purchase a new location for the orphanage and school.

Then, indeed, Casa Materna became a kind of castle or palace, for the new estate in suburban Portici was once the home of the prince of Monaco. With seven acres of ground, two large buildings, and a beach, the Santis now were able to take in still more homeless waifs from the slums.

When Naples became a likely target for World War II bombs, the Santis moved the children into the country. After the war, they found the grounds damaged and the buildings partially destroyed.

Today, Casa Materna is American Methodism's only direct link with Italy. The Rev. Riccardo Santi and his good wife are dead, but their sons carry on the work there. The director is the Rev. Emanuele Santi, and his brother, Dr. Teofilo Santi, shares in running the home.

Last year, Casa Materna served 550 children—about half of them orphans, half day students. When it celebrated its 60th anniversary last year, scores of alumni returned to take part in the ceremonies.

One elderly man went about shaking hands, tears in his eyes. "In this home," he said, "I grew up. Here my children and grandchildren have come to school. May the Lord bless this home for many more years."

American Methodists have helped in many ways since 1920. From the 1952 Week of Dedication offer-



Off the streets of a Naples slum area for nearly four years now, Gennaro is like any other normal boy in a classroom: reading, writing, doing his arithmetic, sometimes reciting in class, sharing secrets with his closest friend.

"Love is one of the two great cornerstones on which Casa Materna is built," say members of the founding Santi family. "The other is faith." Cira Polt, paring Gennaro's fingernails, knows this well. She grew up here.



Gennaro explores the carpentry shop where many of the older boys are being trained and much of Casa Materna's furniture is made. When he is bigger, he may want to learn a trade here . . .



. . . And he may want to become a member of the school band. (Obviously, he's hardly tall enough for that right now!) Casa Materna girls are taught home arts, such as cooking and sewing.



*Those who have
found love may share
it with other things,
even as Gennaro
does on a visit to the
hens that help
supply the food he
once was denied.*



ing, they gave \$100,000, and that money went to erect a glistening new school building.

In 1956, a choir from Casa Materna toured the United States from coast to coast. They sang in Methodist churches, in great auditoriums, on radio and television, and returned home with \$45,000 for the school. This sum went to build a new dormitory for the older boys of Casa Materna. Frequently, visitors to the orphanage are entertained by programs of music, dances, and pantomimes. For more than one reason, Casa Materna has become one of Methodism's best-known institutions in Europe.

Each year, more ragged, hungry, frightened, and lonely children enter the school which is related to American Methodism through the Board of Missions. Here they find food, clothing, and, most important of all, someone who cares. For most of them—like Gennaro—Casa Materna is home, school, and community.

Gennaro doesn't know all these things because he is only seven. But when he gets bigger and learns a trade, he will go out into the world to stand alone as a man. Then, if not before, he will understand what the people at Casa Materna mean when they say:

"The greatest gift we can give a child is love." □



Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

JOHAN BROOKS commented in an essay on novels: "I would even venture the opinion—in the face, I admit, of overwhelming evidence of all kinds to the contrary—that no one who sets himself any standards to speak of and actually finishes a novel, even a bad or skinny one, can be a completely unadmirable person."

This rather involved sentence seems to say that planning and actually writing a novel demands certain discipline and faith which makes even an otherwise less than noble person worthy of our appreciation. And I suspect that this is true. G. K. Chesterton once said that even a bad shot achieves some dignity if he accepts a duel.

Consider the uncertainty a man faces when he sits down to write a novel—at least a first one. He may put many hours of hard labor into it and then not find a publisher. He takes a great leap in the dark, for there is no way of telling whether he has the gift for novel-writing or not. The necessity of waiting in anguish for the right word or the right thought can wear a man down and the pain involved is bitterness and woe. Let us keep this in mind when we find a book that disappoints us and, especially, let us reviewers remember this when we are tempted to pontificate about the weaknesses and shortcomings of a book.

I picked up **BAZZARIS** by Don Traey (*Trident Press*, \$4.95) more or less by accident and began to leaf through it. Something in it made me unable to put it down, so I read it. It is the story of a Greek sponge-diving community in Florida, and it is a good yarn. The reader has a feeling that this man knows these people, not only because he can use Greek words but because there is a sense of reality in describing what they do and why they do it.

This is the story of a young man who fell foolishly in love with a movie actress on location and left his wife and family to follow her when she went away. He left behind him the hatred of the whole community for his betrayal and is

threatened with death if he ever returns. But he succeeds in business and becomes immensely wealthy. He returns to the community on the death of his wife and dares to walk into her parents' home the night before the funeral to pay his respects.

This is enough of the plot to show you the framework on which the author hangs his story of the Greek family, its origin, its thoughts, and its conflicts. It is full of violence and strange racial customs, but it contains insights into the lives and characters of real people. The ending is a little weak, but I learned something both enlightening and interesting about Greek-Americans.

A SOUVENIR FROM QAM by Mare Connelly (*Holt, Rinehart, Winston*, \$4.50) is a kind of fantasy which I turned to originally because the author wrote *Green Pastures*. Qam is a Middle East Arabian kingdom with all kinds of money and a field of conflict for Russian and American interests.

A young American scientist engaged to a wealthy and beautiful girl is invited by the king to visit the country. The king apparently wants to talk to him about some of the problems involved in modernizing an ancient way of life. He offers the young man a million dollars and charters a plane to bring him from New York. At the urging of the State Department, the young man undertakes the journey to Qam. There he meets a beautiful princess whom he is not sure that he loves. But it becomes increasingly clear that he ought not to marry his fiancée. He returns in a rather hurried manner with the princess a stowaway on the plane because she wants to escape a coming marriage with an older man, which has been arranged by the king, her uncle.

You will be glad to know that everything turns out fine and that the young princess' former fiancé was a brute with communist leanings and that when she finally marries the American, the king comes to the wedding and strengthens his U.S. ties.

It is really not quite so banal as this outline would indicate because Connelly can write and not everything we read needs to be haunted by the terrifying issues of our time. It is a short book, and for all of you who are not hopelessly intellectual, it will be amusing.

I hesitate a little in talking about **A FIRM WORD OR TWO** by Nathaniel Benchley (*McGraw-Hill*, \$3.95)—this family situation is too worldly to please my Methodist point of view. These chapters, at least most of them, first appeared in the *New Yorker* magazine and now are brought together in a kind of novel because they all deal with the growing up of a boy and his relationship with his father. Robert Benchley's son, Nathaniel, seems to have inherited or developed his father's wit so that he writes with the kind of humor and dry observation I particularly appreciate.

In the opening chapter a little boy is lost on Halloween eve and finally has to knock at a door, not for a trick or treat but to ask for help in returning to the place where he is staying which he cannot describe or locate. The man and his wife have to take him along with them to a dinner—the police cannot tell them what else to do with him and promise to call as soon as his parents inquire about his whereabouts.

This opening chapter is in some ways the best in the book, and it seems to be worth it if there were nothing else. After that, the chapters take the boy through his various stages and the problems that arise between him and his father in particular and sometimes the mother. The subtle relationships which arise between a man who wants the best for his son and finds it difficult to sympathize with some of his actions are drawn with artistry and delight.

Those of you who think the menu this month was a little too light, do not bother to write and tell me. I know it—but sometimes I enjoy a meal without much main course and lots of dessert. □

Looks at NEW Books

"I FEEL frustrated and ashamed. This war, as far as I can see, is something specifically designed to show up my inadequacy in every possible capacity," wrote Cecil Beaton in his diary in September, 1939. England was at war with Germany, but his repeated requests to join up had been met with: "You'll be called if you're wanted."

Finally he was called. As official photographer to the wartime ministry of information, he traveled to the ends of the world, photographing combat, admirals, generals, RAF pilots, and bombed-out cockneys. Between trips he took pictures of politicians, socialites, and theatrical personalities back in England.

Like most Englishmen, he understates; and his memoirs of the war years seem to skim the surface. In *The Years Between: Diaries 1939-1944* (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$5.95), he writes about an air crash in which he almost lost his life and mentions lightly: "... I felt that these were my last seconds of this life, and I decided that I must spend them contemplating pleasant things." His eye for the pleasant, and the beautiful, never dims. Describing a perilous, painful trip through the mountainous jungles of Burma, he remembers how

the men were tossed about in the lorry but recalls, also: "The bamboos, their fronds of dead branches looking like fishing rods, rose in a perfect pure arc."

Beaton is a superb photographer—examples of his work in the book make me want to grab my camera and try to do as well. I could not. Neither can I match his ability to sketch a quick portrait or set a scene in words. He is a magnificently talented, highly versatile man, and *The Years Between* stands out among the current histories of World War II as a perceptive personal statement.

For two of the best, freshest, wisest books about marriage that have appeared in a long time, we are indebted to a Lutheran theologian and an Episcopal priest.

William E. Hulme, professor of pastoral theology and pastoral counseling at Wartburg Theological Seminary, is the author of *Building a Christian Marriage* (Prentice-Hall, \$3.50), a discussion of the adjustments a man and a woman have to make as they become "one flesh" that is a rare treasure. It presents psychological and theological concepts with crystal-clear simplicity, and I recommend it to all couples who are planning to get married or who already are married and want help with their problems.

Bed And Board: Plain Talk About Marriage (Simon and Schuster, \$3.95) is anything but plain talk. It is the graceful, sophisticated, humorous, wise, and, above all, joyous talk of a man in love with life. Robert Farrar

Capon, Episcopal priest, player of music, teacher of Greek, husband, and father of six, puts the emphasis on feeling, caring, recognizing, and relishing the high value of one's role as Man, Woman, Husband, Wife, Father, Mother. Not everybody will relish his book, but for those eggheads and joyous Christians who do, it offers an unforgettable experience.

One of my most precious childhood memories is of the day at an airport in southern Kansas when my father introduced me to a wiry, keen-eyed man who was chief test pilot for Travel-Air. We were very conscious of the sky, back in Kansas in the 1920s, and flight to most of us was a magical thing.

I felt the same magic when I read *Biplane* (Harper & Row, \$3.95) by Richard Bach. The plane is a 1929 Detroit-Ryan Speedster, model Parks P-2A, a red and yellow beauty with great tall wheels and two open cockpits. Bach, a veteran pilot with 2,000 hours in the air and experience in jet fighters and four-engine transports, traded his modern, radio-equipped monoplane for it and flew it home to Los Angeles from North Carolina.

The trip was not without suspense. Bach learned it took special skill and courage to navigate by following highways and railroads, to endure the bitter cold in an open cockpit at dawn, to master the dangers of landing without radio contact and in crosswinds, to fly into thunderstorms and head winds. But he traveled in time as well as in distance. Backward he went in



Cecil Beaton photographed the spires of St. Paul's Cathedral after a 1940 air raid on London.

history to share the feel of the wind, the excitement of the sky experienced by the pioneers of flight. Thus, his book is a love song to an airplane and a moving tribute to all the men who ever have flown.

Young people arguing that marijuana parties are respectable, using barbiturates and pep pills almost as a matter of course . . . The girl already pregnant in half of all marriages between boys and girls under 21 . . . Venereal disease on the rise . . . Pornography a 2-billion-dollar business preying mostly on teen-agers . . . Youngsters drinking at younger and still younger ages, driving while under the influence of alcohol and causing tragic accidents . . . Vandalism invading quiet neighborhoods.

All these things are happening, Thelma C. Purtell says in *Tonight Is Too Late* (Eriksson, \$4.95). And she warns that parents must face the fact that any of it can happen to their own children in their own quiet, sheltered homes. A profound change is taking place in the morals and actions of American teen-agers, she points out, and parents who do not recognize it, and fail to educate themselves to handle it, are risking disaster.

One by one, *Tonight Is Too Late* examines the problems and approaches to handling them. Some communities, says Mrs. Purtell, have taken community action, and some schools, too, have found creative ways to offer education on sex and alcohol. But parents cannot leave it to the community, nor to the school. They must, simultaneously, deal as wisely and firmly as they can with their own children, for only they can give their youngsters the foundation on which to build the character that can withstand temptation.

These foundations must be laid early, Mrs. Purtell stresses, long before the age when trouble starts. So if your youngsters are small, do not think it is too early to be concerned about the problems and choices that will beset them in their teens. The time to begin protecting them is now.

Grace Nies Fletcher could not believe our young people are a generation of delinquents, and to refute the prophets of doom she went out to talk with some 400 teen-agers in high schools and colleges across the country.

In *What's Right With Our Young People* (Whiteside, \$4.50), she gives us a glowingly positive picture of the youths who join the Peace Corps and VISTA (Volunteers for Service in America), who know what they want in love and marriage, and who have their own codes of moral and social behavior. These are young people

with few illusions but great courage, who realize that old values have broken down and they have to set up new ones in tune with an age when teen-agers know more about science and technological advance than their own parents. Their creed is jet speed; they have the whole world in their living room; they have been showered with more material possessions and educational opportunities than any generation in history; they have grown up with moral values changing as rapidly as scientific and medical know-how; they have learned to live unafraid of the atom bomb poised over their heads; they intend to do something today—not tomorrow—about the racial and international tensions

they have inherited; and they are looking for a God big enough to fit into the space age.

They are exciting, reassuring, and very wonderful.

In *Presidential Government: The Crucible of Leadership* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95), historian James MacGregor Burns calls for a creative source to offset the growing power of the U.S. Presidency.

Professor Burns does not fear that the office will be used tyrannically. Instead, he sees a time when "as freedom and equality are achieved, presidential government will exhaust the purpose for which it has been such an eminently suited means." He fears,

"be specific!"

is not always good advice

Today it's wiser to **be general.**

When the world spun more slowly, and political change was so gradual as to be almost imperceptible, those who purchased annuities for lifetime income could safely elect specific mission projects to benefit after their deaths. One could designate \$2,000 to build a clinic in Borneo or \$5,000 for a church in Rhodesia, and rejoice that after death

his Christian stewardship would be perpetuated just as he had planned.

Today, the upheavals of independence and national self-determination frequently make it impossible for such specific projects to be carried out. The wise annuitant selects a **field of service**, and leaves the specifics in the hands of the astute administrators of the World Division.



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*Bishop Nall Answers
Questions About*

Your Faith and Your Church

Why did God create man? What a variety of theories there are: that God was lonely in his vast creation, that God had a mission for man to perform on earth, that God wanted a creature in his own image to do some of the "acts of God" (such as making peace).

One of the fathers of the early Christian church, Irenaeus, put it in what has been called his "axiom of love": "In the beginning God created Adam, not because he was in need of a man, but in order to have a being on whom to bestow his mercy."

What is the meaning of 'Jehovah'? This name for God is a "made" word, dating not from biblical times but, according to the *Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible*, from the 16th century.

The Hebrews often, but not always, called God "Yahweh," but after the Exile, this name was thought to be too sacred to be written or spoken, and only the consonants "YHWH" were used. Much later, the Greek word for "Lord" was substituted for "Yahweh" in some translations, and in some cases the vowels of "Adonai" ("Lord") were added to "YHWH" to get "Jehovah."

The name expressed the relationship between God and his people. He was Israel's God, and the Israelites were his people. The formula of the covenant (Exodus 6:7) was: "I will take you for my people, and I will be your God."

Can a Methodist church 'fire' a minister? Certainly not—nor can he resign. He cannot select the place he wants to serve and make his own appointment. This may be possible according to "congregation call" procedures of some denominations, but not among Methodists.

Our appointments are completely in the hands of the bishop and his cabinet, with pastoral-relations committees as trusted advisers. And there are advantages: every minister may not have the place he wants, but he will have some place to serve. And the congregation must accept him, for better or for worse.

This assumes, of course, that the bishop and cabinet know the needs of the churches and talents of the ministers. As a bishop, I must admit that this is a large portion of "assumacy," but it is amazing how many times, and in how many places, strong-willed laymen confess, "You were right in the first place."

Bishop T. Otto Nall, resident in Minnesota and a former editor of the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*, answers questions individually and directly for all who send them. "Often I can help the questioner find his own answers," he explains.

then, national sloth and loss of purpose.

To offset that day, he says, "the greatest need of the Presidency in the years ahead will not lie in internal changes, important as these are, or even in its relations with Congress. The greatest need will be an opposition that challenges presidential values, presidential methods, presidential institutions; that is eager to take power and to present its own definition of the national purpose."

And yet, he says, "Of all the vital elements of American democratic government, the national opposition is the most disorganized, fragmented, and ineffective."

Professor Burns believes that "the greatest need of the American presidency is a potent and competitive Shadow Presidency," in which the opposition party can find a strong, unified voice.

Contrary to the wheezes of Long John Silver and his fellow pirates of *Treasure Island*, dead men DO tell tales. Convincingly.

As suspenseful and entertaining as Perry Mason, the Thin Man, Sherlock Holmes, Fu Manchu, or Charlie Chan is Jurgen Thorwald's painstaking story of scientific crime detection *The Century of the Detective* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$8.95).

Translated skillfully from its original German by Richard and Clara Winston, this absorbing history takes up the story of modern criminology at 1879, when Alphonse Bertillon laid the cornerstone with his system of measurements. It is a story of perseverance by men of vision in spite of discouragement and lack of appreciation by those in high places who tried to keep the status quo.

Did you know that until modern times Britain had no effective police force? So mistakenly did responsible Britons treasure personal liberties and freedom from the hand of government that they themselves acted to maintain civic order. Novelist Henry Fielding, a justice of the peace in London, organized the world's earliest detective force, the Bow Street Runners.

Fingerprints solved their first murder case back in 1892, in Argentina. But they were not ruled legal evidence in the United States until 1928. And it was not until 1930 that FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover convinced the whole country to adopt this system of identification.

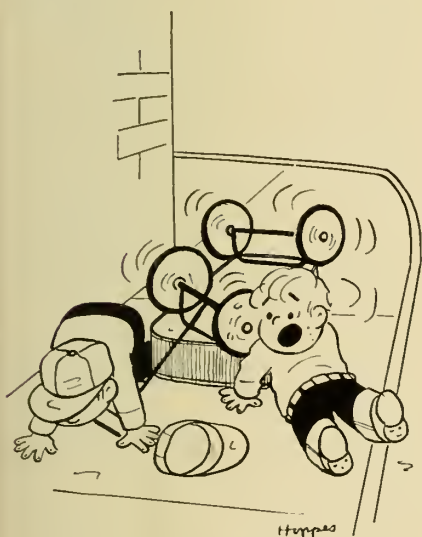
Those who find their escape reading in who-done-its will find Thorwald's book informative and entertaining. And well written.

In the summer of 1963, President John F. Kennedy announced to a press conference: "There are only four

places in the world where children are denied the right to attend school: North Viet Nam, Cambodia, North Korea, and Prince Edward County. Something has got to be done about Prince Edward County."

The absence of public education in Prince Edward County, Virginia, began in 1959, when, in defiance of a federal court order to desegregate the schools, the county's board of supervisors eliminated any provision for public education from the county budget. The response to President Kennedy's initiative was the Prince Edward Free School Association. Financed by foundations and individual contributions, it enrolled 1,578 students on an integrated basis and operated for a year before public schools finally were reopened in the fall of 1964.

Bound for Freedom (Little, Brown, \$5.50) is the day-by-day story of a miracle. By the end of the school year, tests showed that students had advanced scholastically an average of two years, some had advanced as much as three or four years. How it happened is told by Neil V. Sullivan, the tough-minded educator who was the association's superintendent, with Thomas LaSalle Maynard, assistant principal at Prince Edward's Moton High School, and free-lance writer Carol Lynn Yellin.



"We almost didn't make it around the corner!"

The names, words, and rules may be different, but the games children play around the world follow similar patterns. "Tag" and "Hide and Seek" are found everywhere. Watching Chilean youngsters playing "The Hen Runs" or Peruvian children playing "The King May Pass," you will recognize South American versions of "London Bridge."

Nina Millen talked or corresponded with people from all over the world

to compile *Children's Games From Many Lands* (Friendship Press, \$3.95, cloth; \$2.75, paper). In addition to revealing similarities, this helpful book reflects the different cultures from which the games have come. For, after all, it is through their play that children learn how to become adults.

Young people from 8 to 12 look in briefly on children in Greece, Japan, Spain, India, and other lands in *The Galloping Goat and Other Stories* (Abingdon, \$3.50). In each case, the story is full of action, and the children it tells about learn a bit from the things that happen to them.

Phyllis Reynolds Naylor is the author. The lively illustrations were drawn by Robert L. Jefferson.

England's Civil War of 1648 is the backdrop for *Down the Long Stairs* (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$3.95), a taut historical novel for young readers.

It revolves around 15-year-old Ralph Cole, who is shocked because his widowed mother is going to marry a Roundhead and runs off to join the Royalist cause for which his father died. When Ralph's company is massacred, he finds himself alone and in flight from the enemy. Taking refuge with a crew of coal miners who pass him on to their relatives on the Scottish border, he learns what poverty means. He discovers, too, the meaning of friendship and courage, which he finds in the people who help him escape—and in the stepfather he had thought he despised.

Winifred Cawley tells a tense tale well.

"She's no-wise pretty, but she's strong as a mule," opined Mary Jane McLeod's grandmother.

The little Negro girl was stubborn, too.

"I'm gonna read," she told her mother.

"I hope so," replied Patsy McLeod, who worked in the cotton fields with her husband and 17 children.

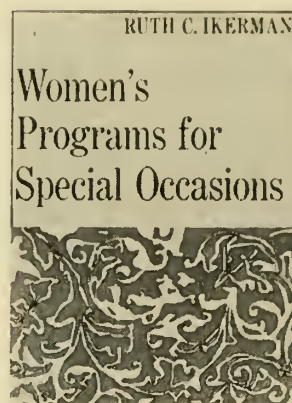
"Don't hope so, know so," pleaded Mary.

Mary McLeod did learn to read, and—as Mary Jane McLeod Bethune—was to become president of Methodist-related Bethune-Cookman College, to serve as director of minority affairs in the National Youth Association and assistant director of the Women's Army Training Corps, and to be a friend of the President of the United States and his wife.

Ella Kaiser Carruth gives young readers a swift-paced biography of this great woman in *She Wanted to Read* (Abingdon, \$2.25). It is an inspiring story for children of any race.

—BARNABAS

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Ruth C. Ikerman. This small volume is a must for the busy woman who sometimes has to prepare, on short notice, a program for her church, club, or civic group. There are 22 programs for almost every occasion from a baby party to a bridal shower plus a section of table graces and prayers. 160 pages. **\$2.25**



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The Tall, Tall, Tall Man

By MARY LAIRD TAXARA

WHEN Mr. Twaddle, the tall, tall, tall man, retired from his job in the circus, he moved to a city where most of the people were middle sized.

Mr. Twaddle liked people and they liked him. But he was too tall to sit comfortably on their middle-sized chairs or to move about their middle-sized rooms, and he knocked his head on the door-frame whenever he walked through.

It was easier for him to sit at home alone on his big, big, big furniture. But that made him lonely.

"I know," said Mr. Twaddle. "I'll get a job where I can serve people and be friendly."

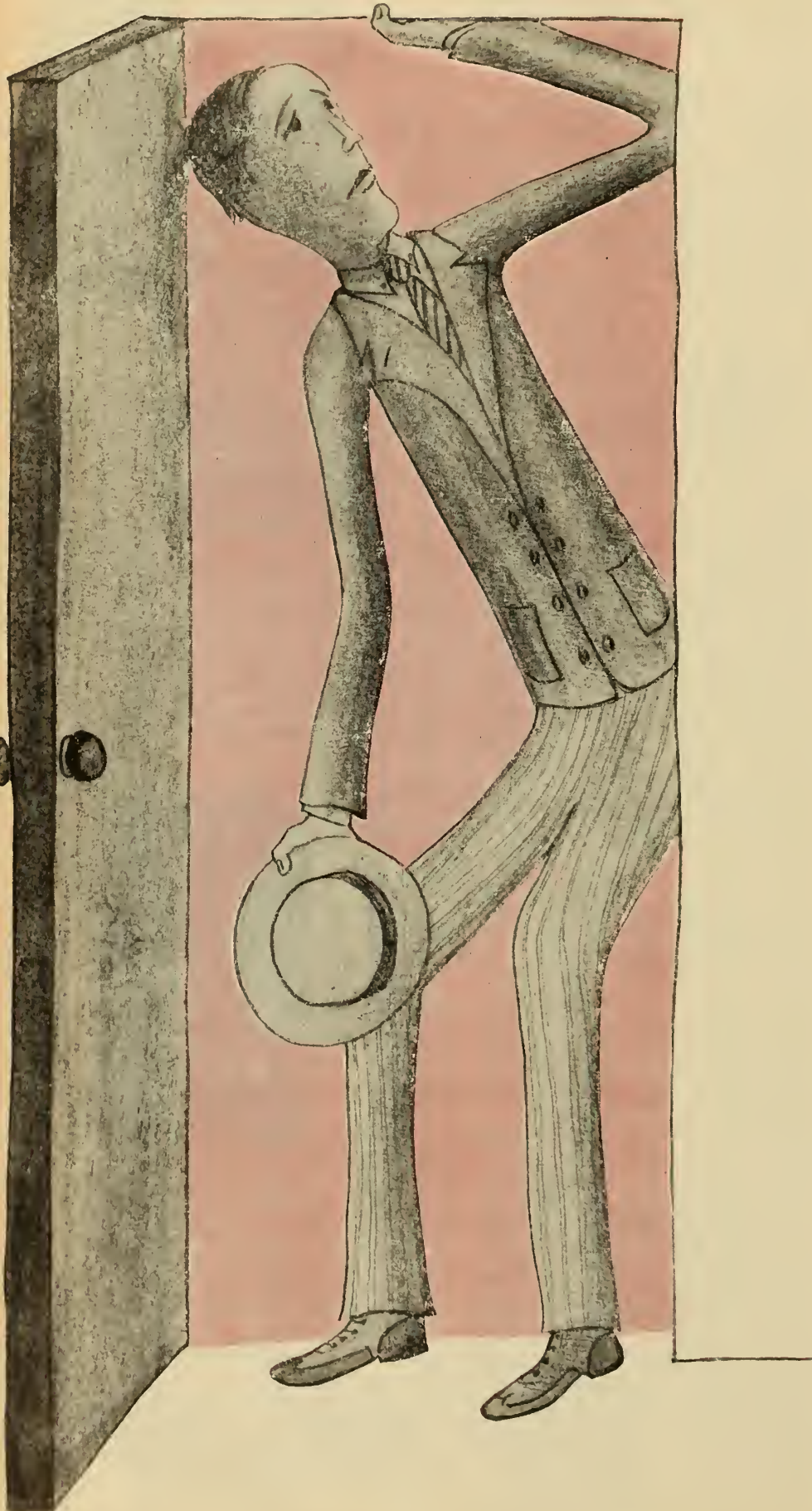
So he got a job in a big, big, big supermarket. As he was stacking cans on the very top, top, top shelves, he saw a small boy trying to reach a can of beans.

"Here," said Mr. Twaddle cheerfully, "let me help you."

"Thank you," said the boy.

"You're welcome," said Mr. Twaddle with a sweeping bow. But when he bowed, his long, long, long arm hit a stack of cans and sent them rolling. As he got on his knees to pick them up, his big, big, big foot nudged another display and sent it tumbling down.

He was so tall he knocked his head on the door frame whenever he walked through.



"Stop!" cried the manager. "You're denting the cans. I'm sorry, but you just won't do."

So Mr. Twaddle left the supermarket and walked a long, long, long time.

Finally, he found himself outside the railroad station, and he decided to leave the city. But as he entered the station, the first thing he noticed was he didn't bump his head when he walked through the door. Inside, Mr. Twaddle, who was so very tall, had to look up at the high, high, high ceiling in the huge, huge, huge waiting room. There were long, long, long benches, too!

"How I wish I could work here!" exclaimed Mr. Twaddle. He stretched out his arms and breathed deeply—and he didn't knock over a thing!

Just then he saw a very worried lady. She was carrying a baby on one

arm and a big suitcase in the other.

"Jerry! Jerry! Where are you?" she called, hurrying about in the crowd.

Mr. Twaddle looked all around over the heads of the middle-sized people, and he saw a little boy crying in one corner.

"One moment, madam," said Mr. Twaddle, bowing politely. "Is your little boy wearing a red sweater and blue trousers?" The woman nodded vigorously. Mr. Twaddle smiled a big, big, big smile, raised his long, long, long arm, and waved.

"Jerry!" he called in his strong, strong, strong voice. "Your mother is over here waiting for you."

Everyone turned and looked up, up, up at the tall, tall, tall Mr. Twaddle. A newspaperman, who happened to be catching a train, also looked up and said to Mr. Twaddle, "I'd like a picture of you and Jerry for my paper."

The next day, everyone read about Mr. Twaddle, so that when he went to the employment office at the railroad station, he got a job right away.

But he didn't get a job opening the big, big, big doors for people, or carrying their suitcases to the trains. He got a job walking around the huge, huge, huge waiting room where he had found Jerry the day before.

On his coat lapel was a sign:

LOST SOMEONE?
I'LL HELP YOU FIND HIM.
A Courtesy of the R. R. Station

Mr. Twaddle is very happy. Now, whenever little boys or girls get lost there, they look up, up, up at the tall, tall, tall Mr. Twaddle and say, "Please find my mommy."

Mr. Twaddle bows politely and says, "I'll be glad to." And he does. □

Cotton Animal Zoo

A BAG OF cotton balls can become a fascinating zoo. The animals you create may be used as placemarkers or favors at your next birthday party.

Besides cotton balls, you'll also need several pieces of heavy construction paper, glue, and perhaps some pastel-colored paper ribbon to be used for eyes, noses, and markings. Or use tiny bits of colored construction paper.

To make a rabbit, for example, cut out a piece of heavy construction paper about 2 inches wide by 2½ inches long for a base.

Glue one cotton ball in the center of the paper for the rabbit's body. Pull another cotton ball into three pieces so you have a larger piece for a head, a medium-size piece to become ears, and a tiny piece for the tail.

Glue the larger piece to one end of the body and the tiniest piece to the other end. Take the remaining piece

of cotton and gently pull it into a V shape for ears and glue it to the back of the head.

Each time you glue, let the piece dry before going to the next step.

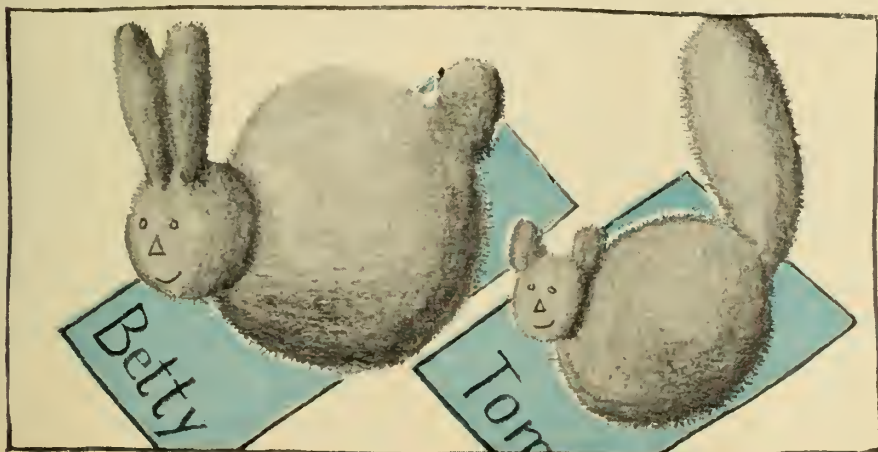
Cut tiny bits of pink construction paper or bits of paper ribbon for the eyes and nose, and longer shapes for pink lining in the ears and glue them in place.

If you use the rabbit as a placemaker, write your guest's name on the base.

Dogs, cats, cows, horses, and wild animals can be made the same way, using plain or cotton-covered toothpicks as legs and tails, and coloring them with undiluted poster paints, or gluing on construction-paper spots and stripes.

Just use your imagination and you'll have a zoo full of fun.

—CAROLEE CRAVEN



Let's Wash the Dishes!

*Cups and tumblers,
Plates and spoons,
Click and tinkle
Their glassy tunes.*

*Under the water—
Swivel and swish—
Like bubble-blowing
Saucer fish.*

*Slippery, dripping,
Caught and held.
Wiped to gleaming,
Properly shelved.*

*How clean, how sparkling,
Set in a row.
That they'd ever been used
You'd never know!*

—Lou Ann Welte





Letters

Bad Stewardship, He Says

DUANE BARR ROWE
Park Ridge, Ill.

As an architect, I was appalled when I read *Need a New Church? He's Your Man!*, concerning the Rev. Charles Mann, in the April issue [page 67].

There can be no question that the use of a minister's time toward such endeavors is bad stewardship, even without considering the legal and ethical considerations. Certainly his background in religion would qualify him to concentrate his efforts in that field only, just as an architect's education and background would cause him to hesitate to perform ministerial duties.

Mr. Mann's procedure in developing plans, costs, and so forth is exactly what architects must combat in their quest for meaningful church architecture. As a member of The Methodist Church, I must object strenuously to your laudatory sanction of such obviously inappropriate use of talents.

Opening Way for Exceptions

MRS. C. E. COPLEY
Morrill, Nebr.

By publishing Kenneth S. Bagnell's interview with Bishop John A. T. Robinson [see *What Do We Mean by God Today?* April, page 34], TOGETHER seems to be endorsing his philosophy of religion and morals to our youth. I am particularly disturbed by this question-answer exchange:

"Q. It is conceivable, then, that in certain conditions, premarital sexual relationships may be in accord with your understanding of the Christian ethic.

(Answer:) "Probably there are situations in which people can quite responsibly feel that this may be the right thing for them. I'm not judging these situations in advance, and certainly don't want to be put in the position of saying this thing is always right or that thing is always wrong. Rather, I want people to wrestle through the responsibilities they have in each instance."

To be guided by inner disciplines is perhaps the best form of guidance for the mature person, but if we negate the absolute of "You shall not commit adultery," we open the way for every person to make an exception of him-

self. That is humanism at its worst. I think every thoughtful Methodist should rise up in protest against this perversion of the long-tested moral standards of our faith.

The Bible Is Definite

CHAPIN D. FOSTER
Des Moines, Wash.

I have read Kenneth Bagnell's interview with Bishop Robinson and find it difficult to get away from that remark by the archbishop of Canterbury that Robinson is "a confused man, confusing everyone else."

The Bible is very definite about God, Christ, miracles, Resurrection, Ascension. Bishop Robinson offers nothing as a substitute. When a man tears out portions of the Bible, he must be ready to put something in their place or the result is confusion. The least he can do is retire from the church and start from the ground rather than a pulpit.

A Friend Is Disappointed

OTTO F. VOLKLAND, Pastor
Central Avenue Methodist Church
Wichita, Kans.

From TOGETHER's beginning, I have consistently promoted it, as district superintendent and as pastor, but two features in your April issue fill me with indignation. One is the interview with the apostate bishop from England whose chief acclaim results from his repudiation of Christian morality and whose prestige you obviously wish to enhance. The other is the rollicking *A Man Dies* [page 54].

Years ago there was a news item about revelers who simulated the Lord's Supper, using a plug of tobacco for the "bread," and a bottle of whiskey as the "wine." To be sure there are differences between that sacrilegious incident and the "play" about the life and Passion of our Lord which you publicized. These rock 'n' rollers used Coke and a hard roll in their "Communion," but it is farfetched to think their performance was redeemed from tawdriness and ugliness by lyrics such as those you quoted on page 55.

To cast in cheap pageantry and irresponsible pantomime something as sublime as Christ's Passion is degrading. I am disappointed in your lack of sensitivity and discrimination.

The Way to Reach Youth?

MRS. HAROLD GIFFIN
Marietta, Ohio

I feel the church must reach young people, but I am ashamed that our church magazine uses language such as appears on page 55 of the April issue. I just don't feel that this article should have been used. What is the world coming to, anyway?

Beloved Carol Desecrated

WILLIAM A. GARRETT
Gold Bar, Wash.

The desecration of a beloved Christmas carol on page 55 of the April issue shows to what depth our official church magazine has sunk! Shame for printing this! Just like the paperbacks, you have to throw in a little dirt for innocent young minds to memorize.

More appalling is the fact that this play was put on in Methodist churches.

One more smart move like this, and you've lost my subscription.

She Has Changed Her Mind

MRS. C. L. WELLS
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Until now I have thought TOGETHER was just wonderful. But I am full of righteous indignation since we received the April issue. How can so-called Christian ministers and churches produce and direct such performances as were allowed in the play *A Man Dies*? I don't know how the play itself was, but rock 'n' roll, jiving, and damning surely don't go along with religious plays.

Surely God will severely punish those who allowed these young people to do this kind of thing, believing it was right because so-called Christians allowed it. TOGETHER is just as much at fault as those who allowed it because you published it in a magazine to which the young folks look for guidance. I hope higher officials of Methodism will do something about this.

Play a Hit in White Plains

BARBER L. WATERS, Pastor
Memorial Methodist Church
White Plains, N.Y.

You may be interested in some additional history of *A Man Dies*. Ernest Marvin, the play's coauthor, was in the U.S. in 1964 on a preacher-exchange program. He occupied my pulpit one Sunday in Crestwood, N.Y., and later brought the youth a complete story of the play, of its original production in St. James Presbyterian Church, Bristol, England, and its further development for TV and stage production.

Inspired by possibilities in the project, my wife carried her enthusiasm to our new church here in White Plains, and in 1965 the senior youth, along

with 40 young recruits from the community, undertook to perform Mr. Marvin's exciting musical play.

Exciting is hardly the word. The cast, racially integrated, represented several denominations, including five Roman Catholic youths who received special permission from their priests to participate. It was not uncommon to see a motorcycle roar into the church parking lot carrying a leather-jacketed youth who suddenly had become interested in something the church was doing.

A *Man Dies* played to capacity audiences for five nights here and was taken later to Bushwick Avenue Methodist Church in Brooklyn as a gift of love from our young people to theirs. Still later it played a two-night stand in First Methodist Church, Schenectady, where enthusiastic audiences again greeted the production.

BBC Film Available

ALFRED P. KLAUSLER, *Editor*
Arena Magazine
Chicago, Ill.

For TOGETHER readers who wish to see the British Broadcasting Corporation film of *A Man Dies*, I strongly urge them to order the kinescope in 16mm from Mass Media Ministries, 45 Mallory Place, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 18702. The cost is \$12 (\$20 during Lent).

The BBC filmed the play in black and white, with young actors who are the "mods" and "rockers" of an inner-city British church.

Meaningful, Timely Articles

MRS. ANTHONY COSTA
Lakeville, Conn.

TOGETHER always has been of great interest to our family, but this is the first time I have taken the opportunity to thank you. The March issue was especially great.

As mother of three active young children, I found *Are You a Guilty Parent?* [page 39] most meaningful. *The New Morality: A Christian Critique* [page 24] was very timely. It's about time we had a real Christian viewpoint expounded so succinctly—an excellent rebuttal to Hugh Hefner's philosophy.

Keep up the wonderful articles.

New Questions, Old Answers

ROBERT W. THORNBURG, *Pastor*
First Methodist Church
Peoria, Ill.

Harvey Seifert's Christian critique of the new morality represents a tragic example of trying to speak to new questions with old answers. If this answer is designed to fill the void of the church's "awkward silence," it scarcely succeeds. It is less than likely that he will speak to the cultural phenomenon he describes, since he ob-

viously has not taken the pains to listen to it. Perhaps better that we have awkward silence than defensive, irrelevant response.

On the other hand, the descriptions of coffeehouse ministries [*They Try to Reach the Church-Shy*, March, page 5] and the Ecumenical Institute, though they do not pretend to be final answers to our dilemma, seem to be pointing us toward the necessity of imagination and experimentation which start with an honest understanding of the questions before announcing the answers.

Used on Campus

W. R. EDWARDS, JR., *Pastor*
Wesley Foundation
University of Georgia
Athens, Ga.

Thank you for Dr. Harvey Seifert's article *The New Morality: A Christian Critique*. I think Dr. Seifert has done a fine job with this article, and we have used it indirectly in a seminar on sex, courtship, and marriage which included one session on *The New Morality*.

Article Speaks for Others

MRS. MILDRED N. CREAGER, *Dir.*
Florence Crittenton Services
Columbus, Ohio

I want to commend you for publishing *We Were Never Alone* [March, page 27]. This is a thoughtful and thought-provoking article. More people will find it possible to identify with the feelings of this mother than can understand why the need should exist for an agency like the home for unwed mothers which the article describes.

Your author has done well in writing something we hear frequently, but most people are hesitant to put their thoughts in writing. One father once wrote us, "You will understand why we cannot tell people how much we were helped and how urgently we think the program is needed."

Your "Jane Doe" has spoken for this man and for many others.

A Child Is More Than 'It'

FRED R. OWEN, *Pastor*
LaConner-Samish Methodist
Churches
LaConner, Wash.

In Jane Doe's article *We Were Never Alone*, assumptions are made by Jeanie's parents that I must challenge. These assumptions are often made by people in similar circumstances—and all too often by their counselors.

The first assumption is that Jeanie cannot possibly think of keeping her child. The second is that the two natural parents cannot possibly be expected to provide a home. The child is considered only an "it."

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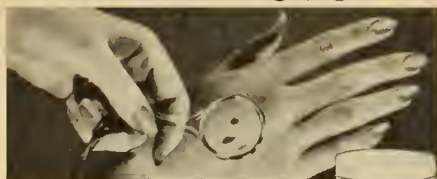
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somewhere there is always a childless
couple waiting with aching arms and
open hearts to receive the orphan. I
question if this is true. Even if it is,
why should those who are primarily
responsible for this new life assume
that there is always this easy way out?

There is probably also a third false
assumption that Jane and her husband,
Jeanie, and the father of the child
could not possibly be expected to face
up to the full implications of what has
transpired. Jeanie's parents could not
possibly be expected to bear the shame
of what their neighbors already suspect
to be true. Oh, no, the whole thing
must be covered up and forgotten as
quickly as possible.

Is there not a case for giving the
natural parents a chance at least to ac-
cept both the responsibility and the
joy of producing a person as well as
a body?

April Copy Now Coverless

MRS. GEORGE COX
Titusville, Pa.

On receiving my copy of the April
TOGETHER, the first thing I did was tear
off the cover. Really, there ought to be
a law against such art. It is so crude
I think it is mockery. We have some
lovely pictures of Jesus. Why publish
such a mock as this?

I hope you will publish this letter
for I am sure there are many who will
agree with me.

Sacred Images Desecrated

N. CLIFFORD COTTRELL
Hoosick Falls, N.Y.

What a horrifying and repulsive pic-
ture to put on the cover of a religious
magazine is *Joseph of Arimathea With
the Body of Christ* on the April issue.
If the artist wants to prove his skill
with a blowtorch, he should work on
inanimate objects such as oil drums and
iron fences and not desecrate sacred
images with his handiwork.

The cause of Christianity has de-
generated a lot in late years until it
is almost unrecognizable. Publishing
such trash as that picture has helped
in no small degree to bring it to its
present low estate.

Disturbed by Art

JOHN R. DIEHL, Retired Minister
Salisbury, Md.

The April cover picture of the sculp-
ture by Charles C. Parks is, in my
realistic thinking, a modern distortion
of classic art, certainly far less inspir-
ing than Rembrandt's *Descent From
the Cross*.

In *Unusual Methodist Church Art*
[April, page 17], the Pentecost Mosaic
[page 18] at Christ Methodist Church
in Washington, D.C., is a glaring ab-
straction, an unintelligible figment of

the imagination. I am glad I do not have
to gaze upon it every Lord's Day in a
worship service at that church. *The
Living Cross* [page 21] in Aldersgate
Methodist Church, Honolulu, Hawaii, is
a good study in design but certainly an
enigma in interpreting the traditional
emblem of Christianity.

Mathews a 'Frontiersman'

JIMMIE A. REESE, Minister to the
Houston Public Housing Parish
Houston, Texas

Many of us in Houston consider Joe
Mathews the leading "frontiersman" in
The Methodist Church and in the task
of church renewal. TOGETHER's inter-
view with him [see *Joseph Mathews on
Church Renewal*, March, page 47] is
outstanding. It represents the kind of
perspective shared by many. Let us
have more of this brand of positive
affirmation of the possibilities open to
the church.

He Is Still Thankful

DAVID J. TWIGG, Pastor
Trinity Methodist Church
Pearl City, Hawaii

"The Lord be with you and with thy
spirit. Amen." This is what Joseph
Mathews would say to you, and I say
amen for your pictures and articles on
the work he and his cadre are doing at
Chicago's Ecumenical Institute. [See
Laboratory for Tomorrow's Church,
March, page 42].

I was in the first ministers cadre at
the institute and have been thankful
ever since. Your cover picture was ex-
cellent. The garbage can, the shack,
the chapel, and classrooms with Dean
Mathews give a clear picture of his
work. While he is a Methodist, his
work is bigger than just our denomi-
nation. I hope the new MUST (Meth-
odist United Service and Training)
program will be led by him in the
Midwest. He knows how to train min-
isters and laymen for today's secular
and urban culture.

Revisions Must Come First

R. A. W. BRUEHL, Pastor
First Methodist Church
Des Plaines, Ill.

Your editorial *The Risks of Church
Renewal* [April, page 13] is a good
statement of what it purported to be—
a summary of the forces in the current
attempt at renewal of the church. We
must be aware, however, that before
we can engage seriously in the risks
you mention, we must also make some
drastic revisions of some of our other
policies.

We must decide, for instance, what
we are going to do with the mission to
others outside our own neighborhoods.
If money is driven away by premature
declarations or other means, there will

be few funds for mission at home or abroad, at least until those remaining learn enough and earn enough to make up the difference.

If we overplay our denunciation of the present church without also affirming a positive idea of Christians serving in some leadership capacity together, we cut off the challenge to youth to dedicate their lives in professional Christian leadership. If this is what we are willing to do, let us say it, so that all may know what we intend and stop worrying about our declining recruitment for the ministry.

If we are going to denounce church building and buildings, then let us stop trying to gather funds for the Board of Missions to loan or give to churches that ask for them.

I do not want to be misunderstood. What I am saying is that we should take measures to clarify at high levels what we are willing to do. Then every announcement can come as part of an overall policy for the entire church.

Church Can Be Renewed

LEONARD M. PERRYMAN, *Director
Department of News Service
Methodist Board of Missions
New York, N.Y.*

I would like to express gratitude and commendation for *The Risks of Church Renewal*. You have spoken forthrightly to some of the real issues which must be faced in church renewal. As a church in mission and in search of renewal, Methodism (and this means individuals and congregations) must be prepared for some losses and changes of perspective in what constitutes "success."

One mild dissent: While we must be prepared for possible loss of members and financial support, I believe this does not automatically come as a concomitant to renewal. I believe that the institutional church can be renewed and that renewal can mean new winds of the Spirit for bringing additional persons into the church for a deepened understanding of and commitment to the stewardship of possessions. This ought to result in increased support for both the church's local mission and its mission to the ends of the earth.

Laymen's Stinginess a Scandal

JAMES H. VOWLER, SR.
*Chairman, Official Board
Broad St. Memorial Methodist Church
Drexel Hill, Pa.*

I read with much sympathy Paul D. Lowder's revealing article *The Perennial Problem* [April, page 14]. His points were well taken. The callousness, if not downright stinginess, of many laymen in terms of pastoral support is scandalous.

If Methodists could be motivated to

be fair in their contributions to the local church, many financial problems would disappear. In my own church, the major portion of the annual \$140,000 budget is underwritten by about 5 percent of the membership. Some 200 envelope-using members have failed so far to make a single payment for this fiscal year, now 11 months old.

How can we keep capable men in the ministry with salaries so niggardly that even the quality of their spiritual well-being is challenged? It seems to me that laymen have the answer.

No Longer a Guilty Feeling

ROGER L. GREEN, *Pastor
Grace Methodist Church
Dillon, Mont.*

After reading Paul D. Lowder's article on ministers' salaries, I finally overcame my guilty feeling about my concern for a more adequate salary. I always had berated myself for being mercenary or an irresponsible financial manager, but no longer.

Now the thought that keeps presenting itself (somewhat resentfully, I'm afraid) is: When a man spends 7 years in college preparation, has 8 to 10 years of experience, and is at least average in ability and effectiveness, he has a right to an adequate salary corresponding to his responsibility.

Laymen have an obligation to study that article and take urgent action. A minister rarely feels able to ask for a raise, and few laymen know how long it has been since he had one.

A Problem for Laymen, Too

MRS. MARGARET TAYLOR
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Money is a perennial problem to us lay people, too. Many of us hear sermons about stewardship and the place of money in the lives of Christians. What I can't understand is how a pastor can hope for an increased salary from a congregation whose incomes are not increasing, whose families, too, are making some sacrifices, whose members do not go out to dinner for the same reasons Pastor Lowder mentions.

We all suffer from "annual personal finances depression." (We're lucky if it strikes only once a year.)

What About Tithing?

NEIL HEIDRICK, *Pastor
Grace Methodist Church
Emporia, Kans.*

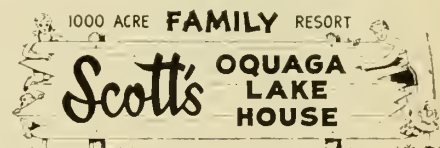
I am glad to see concern about pastors' salaries expressed in a publication read primarily by laymen. This is better than crying on each other's shoulders in the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

I do think, however, a clue to our low salaries, and perhaps to Methodism's low place among Protestant givers, is



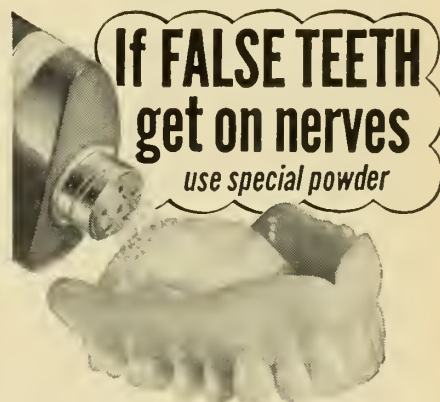
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obvious in Mr. Lowder's budget. Only 5 percent of his income is given to all causes.

When the minister does not set the example of being a tither, how can he preach it or expect his congregation to give 10 percent?

A Safe Decision

H. G. SCHROEDER, *Pastor*
Stanardsville Methodist Church
Stanardsville, Va.

The article *The Race-Relations Sunday That Wasn't* [February, page 28] rang a bell with me. I invited a Negro Methodist minister to preach in my pulpit on Race-Relations Sunday this year. I was not so naive as to think that everybody was ready for this, but I wanted to provide the experience for those who were.

As the date approached, opposition grew. Most of it was expressed not through channels prescribed by the *Discipline* but in behind-the-scenes telephone calls (never to me) fed by rumors, misinformation, and distorted theology. Finally the situation looked as if I would win the argument and lose the congregation. I chose what I suspect was the safe rather than the right decision. I asked my friend not to come. I do not care to defend this decision.

Now I have a stack of unused bulletins with Lincoln's picture on the front and the caption "100 years of brotherhood" on the back. They are a grim reminder of my poor judgment, but I still wonder: which 100 years?

An Opposite Experience

MR. and MRS. J. P. FORD
New Orleans, La.

Like Tom H. Matheny, author of *The Race-Relations Sunday That Wasn't*, we were away from home on that Sunday. But our experience was exactly the opposite of what he encountered. We were visitors at Trinity Methodist Church in Ruston, La., and were privileged to hear a thoughtful, fearless sermon by the Rev. Douglas L. McGuire, the pastor there. It was a sermon which would dispel the fears of Mr. Matheny and others regarding absence of freedom of the pulpit in Louisiana.

Are Real Needs Served?

J. M. ETHEREDGE, *Retired Minister*
Holdrege, Nebr.

The article *Where Does Charity Begin?* [March, page 12] has disturbed my sleep. I live in one of the 147 retirement homes which this article says are operated by Methodist agencies.

The tragedy about most Methodist homes for the aged is that they have become so elaborate and so expensive that the very people who need them the

most cannot afford to live in them.

In my presence, an administrator of one of these homes said that there were people living in his home who could buy the place. I say the time has come when we should establish a fund to put into our homes for the aged those who most need care but cannot pay for it.

We should not be surprised that, as the *TOGETHER* article states, there now is talk, even legal procedures, looking toward taxation of church-related homes. In caring for the aged, which is exhibiting the greater interest in true charity—The Methodist Church or the United States government?

A Different Conclusion

MRS. ROBERT E. GRANT
Suffern, N.Y.

In his letter *Together 'Out of Order'* [March, page 66], D. E. Ruyle criticized the editorial *Dissent: A Catalyst for Conscience* [January, page 15] and the approval given by the Board of Christian Social Concerns to demonstrations protesting U.S. foreign policy. He feels such views help to destroy a "patriotic spirit" in young people. And he says the church should concern itself with "the teaching of Christ and let those who decide foreign policy do so without interference."

My understanding of the church and of these teachings leads me to a different conclusion. Since the church is in the world, Christ's teachings do apply to all of life, including our nation's foreign policy. The central teaching is love. My heart aches for the innocent Vietnamese mothers cradling bloody babies, and for all those who are suffering and dying in Viet Nam. But can I really have concern for their plight without being involved in our foreign policy? Or without trying to understand it or voice dissent when I feel it is wrong?

My understanding of patriotism and my belief in democracy claim the right to dissent when I honestly and thoughtfully feel my nation is making mistakes. Am I not a disloyal American if I stand by with a "my country, right or wrong" attitude, feeling no responsibility for the course she takes?

Growth in Understanding

MRS. EMMA JEAN PAPENFUSS
Berkeley, Calif.

Thank you very much for the article *The Mystery of Faith* [March, page 54] by Richard P. Mathison. It is by articles such as this that our understanding of the world of Jesus the Christ grows.

Also thank you for the poem *Via Dolorosa* by Robert B. Taft in the same issue [page 59]. It came like a shaft of light. I wish I could give it to the poor, bewildered clerics who are frantically trying to find a detour around Gethsemane.



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